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THE SARNIA BOARD OF EDUCATION

AND ITS

ADVISORY VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the 1943 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the readers of this publication.

TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the sucessful issue of this excellent school magazine.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

TO THE TEACHING STAFF

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. The Board has also provided facilities during the past two years and a half for War Emergency Classes conducted under the Dominion-Provincial War Emergency Training Programme.
Detailed announcement regarding next season's classes should be looked for in September.

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Mr. Treitz—When water becomes ice, what great change occurs?
Tim Tozer—A change in price.

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Johnny—What's a seven-letter word for mushroom?
Ken—Parlour.

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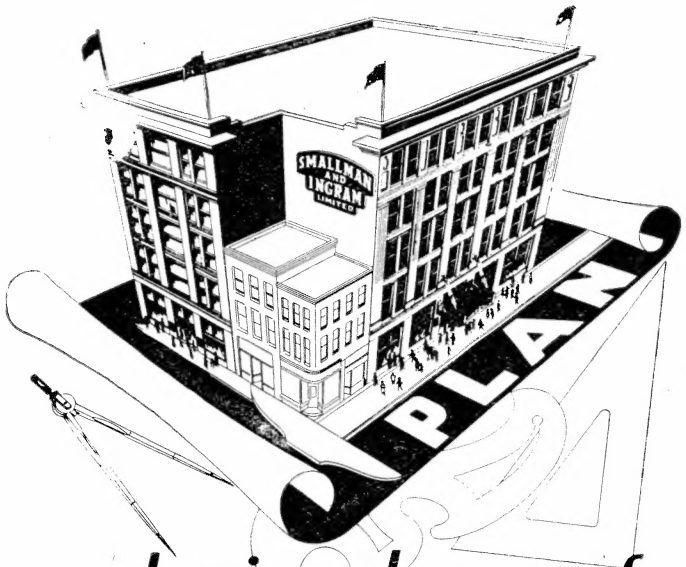
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Lois Mackenzie—Two M.D.'s.

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A. Benson—Just walk past those soldiers on the corner. You'll find out.

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Mrs. Milne (from upstairs)—Peggy, how can you and Jack study in the dark?
Peggy—Oh, we went to night school.

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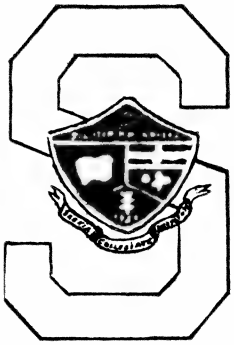
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SARNIA — LONDON

THE COLLEGIATE

1943

29th ANNUAL EDITION



PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF PRESENT STUDENTS AND OF FORMER STUDENTS NOW SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S ARMED FORCES

OUR MOTTO: SIC ITER AD ASTRA
OUR COLORS: BLUE AND WHITE

FOREWORD



IT is inevitable that life at school, like every other activity these days, should be markedly affected by the war. Boys —and girls, too,—are enlisting almost every day: (of this our Honour Roll gives eloquent evidence): attendance is cut down by pupils leaving to help with farm work or to take jobs in essential industries; urgent appeals to buy war savings stamps and bonds and to support the many worthy war charities are constantly before us: the whole outlook of senior pupils—boys especially—is colored by the knowledge that the passage of a year or two will bring enlistment and the rude interruption of the normal ways of life.

All this must be recognized and faced up to as one of the consequences of the war—a war which, let us never forget, is being fought to preserve, along with other freedoms, the freedom to share in universal public education, unhampered by the deadening regulations of a totalitarian dictatorship.

So it is that this issue of the Collegiate, while it speaks to us of life at school, also reminds us of the responsibilities and the sacrifices brought by war. Yet we must never forget that as long as we are at school and in pursuit of the important but sometimes elusive thing called an education, our chief responsibility is to do our present job with all our might. That is our immediate duty —a duty which we owe to our parents, to ourselves and to society as a whole. Fortunately, it is at the same time the best preparation possible for those obligations and responsibilities which loom up in the fast-approaching future and which, in due time, we must courageously shoulder. We can prepare for future responsibilities only by accepting those which confront us in the present.

—F. C. ASBURY.



Mrs. Mary B. Beasley

to whom we respectfully dedicate this issue of

"The Collegiate"

in appreciation of her untiring efforts

during the past twelve years

as the School Secretary



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1942 - 1943

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We would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Walker our advisory editor, and the other members of the staff who gave such valuable assistance to the editors of the "Collegiate".

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HONOUR ROLL	Ruth Jarvis



THE SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL

PRIZE WINNERS

After much deliberation our editorial board have selected the following students as the prize winners in their respective divisions. Congratulations kids and many thanks for your efforts!

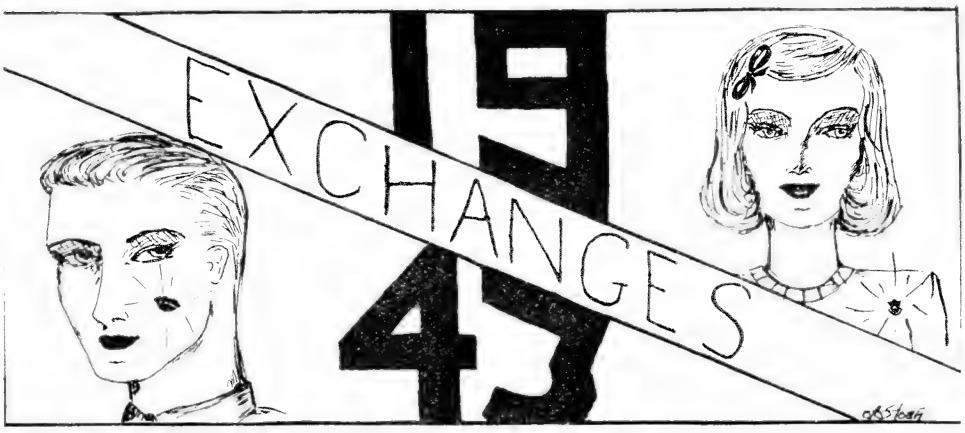
Poetry — MARGARET PARKER — "A Warphan's Plea"

Music — LACHLAN MACLEAN — "The Beat of the Boogie"

Science — NEIL LUND — "Synthetic Rubber"

Literature — THELMA HOLMES — "The Betrayed Bishop"

Cover — MARY TRUSLER



EDITOR — J. DAUPHINEE

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE — Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

MARNOR — McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario.

THE TWIG — is edited by the boys of the University of Toronto Schools and represents a great deal of hard work, especially in the Sports and Literary Sections.

THE FETTESIAN — is sent to us by the members of Fettes College in Edinburgh, Scotland. The section "Fettes Diary" is most interesting and contains parts of letters from boys who once belonged to that College and are now serving in the Armed Forces.

BISHOPS COLLEGE SCHOOL — an interesting magazine nicely arranged but we suggest that you have a larger Form News section.

COLLEGE TIMES — Your sections are short but the articles are very good. If you concentrated more on your headings it would make your magazine much more interesting.

ARTA RIDLEIANA — Your sports section is outstanding and the page of candid camera shats certainly is an eye-catcher.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL'S "RECORD" — has an excellent active service list but why don't you have a humor section?

THE WATSONIAN — Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Excellent review of school activities as it dedicates loyalty to some of the former member of their school with an very good honour roll.

TWEEDSMUR TRUMPETER—It is the first publication that the pupils of Tweedsmur School, Hamilton, have attempted and they certainly deserve a great deal of credit. The magazine is very complete and is excellently arranged, however we suggest that you improve your headings.

After a strenuous half hour of complicated calculations, Miss Martin flourished her chalk and brightly said: " . . . and thus we see that x = o."

"Well, dash me," cried out Jane S. "All that bloomin' work for nothing."



EDITOR — MARY MARGARET GLABB

A WARPHAN'S PLEA

O God above, if Thou art there,
Bend low Thine ear, and hear my prayer,
For in this night, I need Thine aid,
When sounds of war make me afraid;
Incessant drone of planes above,
Raining death on those we love,
Those who yesterday were here,
Warm and loving, very near—
Those who now are coldly still,
O God — is this Thy holy Will?
Here I stand — forlorn, alone,—
Listening to the rising moan,
That seems to come from hearts bereft,
Torn and bleeding, of those who, left
To carry on the endless fight
With sorrow in their hearts, that night,
With usual enchanting balm
Can never, in this chaos, calm;
Hearts, that, pulsing with endless pain,
Will never be cured or healed again;
For these, the trials of ruthless war,
Have buried souls deep — deeper far,
Than man ever has or ever will,
For this our foe does more than kill —
. . . . O God, can this be Thy holy Will?

M. PARKER, 11-A

OUR AIR FORCE

Zooming out of the bright, bright sun
With open throttles; one by one
Come Canada's Air Force, a million strong,
With one main purpose; one battle song!

To rid the skies of enemy planes!
Each one with that idea trains
So he can carry the torch on high
Pass't on by others — to do or die.

They fly, they fight, they sweat, they toil.
That we Canadians may keep the soil
For which we've worked through many long years.
T'was bought by ancestors' blood and tears.

So hats off to those who fight that we
May remain at home, secure and free.
That they may be kept from harm, we pray.
"Safe landings" grant them, day by day!

BEVERLEY STONE, 12-A

THE DAY WILL COME

The day will come when comrades who
Have left us for the cause,
Can safely come back to home and hearth
To freedom and just laws,
To fill the empty seats which they
In duty left behind,
That we may stay, in safety be,
And live in peace of mind.

The day has come when everyone
Is called to do his part,
But it appears that most of us
Refuse to make the start.
We're not getting bombed, or shelled,
Frost-bitten or hacked,
To us this seems pure fiction
But it's stark and staring fact.

The day will come when we can live
Our normal lives again,
When courage, fortitude, and love, will
Pierce this blinding rain,
When Axis laws and power
Are only in the past
When freedom reigns o'er all domain
And peace is ours at last.

KEN PALMER, 12-C

A TRIBUTE

To you, Canadians, near and far,
Wherever you may be
In service for our fair domain,
We give salute to thee.
To you, our boys, up in the clouds,
On land, and on the sea,
Our thanks to you in your great task
To bring us victory.
And our girls in Air Force blue
Who serve that men may fly,
May success crown all you do
To keep our boys on high.
And in the Army we have girls
Who earn their daily pay
By working so our soldier boys
May be sent far away.
We'll not forget, in seaside towns,
The girls in Navy blue,
Doing their special work, though hard,
Without complaining too.
God guide our planes, and save our ships,
Be with our army too,
So the Union Jack may float above
A Canada, free and true.
And we at home do think of you
Wherever you may be;
May you return to home, and peace,
And world democracy.

MURIEL CLYSDALE, 13-B

"GET ACQUAINTED NIGHT" AT S.C.I.

We hurried through dinner,
Excitement was high.
It was Visitor's Night
At S.C.I.
And
At eight o'clock sharp
We were due at the school,
And even at night
We must not break a rule!
Then
In the Assembly,
Mr. Asbury stood
To assure all the parents
That the school was good.
But
To our mothers and fathers,
The Principal said,
"They have lots of homework!"
(Our hearts were like lead!)
And
"Be sure to insist
That you see their reports!!"
And "The Board recommends
That they take part in sports."
Now
I had brought to my parents
The Principal's note,
And on a paper
Instructions I wrote
Regarding
The school,
And the class they must see—
Science and French.
(Which both interest me).
As Well As
The Library,
And the old swimmin' pool—
Which to me are the high-lights (of all)
In the school
And
My home room teacher
Must also be met—
A report on my actions
My parents must get!
So
This was the end
Of an interesting night.
My parents now know
S.C.I. is "Just Right."
And So Do I!

PAT NORSWORTHY, 9-11



EDITOR — OLIVIA TOZER

THE BETRAYED BISHOP

AMID bomb-shattered Coventry, a small brown thatched cottage stood out among the ruins. There it stood, beneath the shadow of the grey stone, ivy-clad cathedral amidst the debris and dust-covered flowers and hedge. This small cottage acted as a beacon of guiding light to these blitzed and bewildered people. The venerable Bishop Andrew dwelt there and went about his duties, assisting the homeless citizens, and pacifying the dying.

Each night the German planes had come over raining down their death-dealing cargoes. Last night the chancel of the cathedral had been damaged, and the roof opened to the skies.

This evening the Bishop waited, the bombers came later, it was nearly dawn. Putting down his pipe he bent his head and listened. Yes, they were coming closer. He could hear the whistling of the falling bombs, and the wailings of the sirens. He got up stiffly from his chair, and in the grey of the dawn stood in his doorway. Already people were hurrying to the nearest shelter.

"You had better come Bishop, the bombs can be heard coming closer."

"No, my friend, I shall stay here; perhaps I can be of some assistance to the boys tonight." Wave after wave of planes came over.

their paths in the sky, and tracer bullets, and ack-ack guns poured deadly venom into the Heavens.

Suddenly a whining, death-diving plane was seen pummeling to earth. From his viewpoint the Bishop saw, and muttered "My God, what a sight." An ambulance careened through the streets to the meadow, where the flaming plane had buried itself nose first in the turf. The Bishop entered the cottage and prepared the couch in his study. He lit a small spirit lamp, and had all in readiness for the returning rescue squad.

* * *

"This is the only one who survived, Bishop. He is unconscious and badly wounded. Will you be able to handle him alone when he comes to?"

"Yes, Jerry, thank you."

He knelt besides the unconscious form and cut away the burned, and blood-soaked tunic. Then suddenly he noticed the man's blackened face. "Gary, Gary!" The eyes opened, already glazed with death, and a voice whispered "Pater."

"Oh my son, my son, why?" He had his answer on hearing the dying boy mutter, "Heil Hitler." The Bishop rose to his feet, tears streaming from his eyes. "My son, a traitor." A vision rose before him—Gary's trip to Germany, University at Prague, the German girl. All was

clear to him now.

The dawn broke and all England was bathed in the Sunday sunshine. The worshippers took their places in the cathedral, compassionate for the striken Bishop, and thankful for their deliverance. Looking towards the sky they could see the returning British planes. Their voices lifted in chant, and when the hum of the motors had passed, and they knelt to pray, they said . . .

"Thank God, thank God."

—THELMA HOLMES, 12-C.

BUDDIES

OUTSIDE the tent the tropic sun beat down upon a jungle world baking the ground. Men's bodies seemed to melt and their minds were twisted and their tempers brittled by the intense heat.

Inside the khaki tent it was comparatively cool but the grey shirt on the broad back of a Marine lying on a cot was dark with perspiration. He was reading a torn ten-cent magazine when suddenly he rolled off the cot onto his feet and flung the book through the flaps of the tent, biting out the words, "Nuts, buddies, what's he know about it?"

He had been reading a story of life in the army; how everyone were buddies, pals. Manny, ex-middleweight champ of the United States before he had joined the Marine Paratroopers had seen no comradeship yet. Lying, inactive, in a bloody hot hole somewhere in the Pacific; never stirring got on a guy's nerves till he felt like blasting somebody.

Imagine him, tough guy "Manny" with his arm over the shoulders of Pete Slovak, the wise-cracking Pole who was always riding him and calling him "Muscles" or something like it. Nor could he see himself, an uneducated prize-fighter talking to Lonny Nelson, graduate of Yale and former college professor. "Buddies, nuts!"

Glancing up, Manny saw Slovak coming towards him. Pete jered, "Hey, Muscles, the captain wants everyone on the parade grounds. Take your time, but if you're not there in three seconds, he'll scalp you."

"Maybe this is it," Manny thought. "Maybe we'll be out of this oven to see some action.

He guessed right, for in less than an hour they were flying over a Jap-held island which was under impending attack by American land troops. The paratroopers had received their orders to bail out and wipe out Jap machine-gun nests protecting the beach.

Everybody was tense till the jumpmaster gave his order and they began filing towards the door. Nobody said anything. One by one the parachutes broke out till the sky was dotted with white 'chutes carrying men and coloured ones carrying weapons and supplies.

Immediately on landing Manny hunted for weapons till he found an automatic rifle and bayonet. After he had assembled and loaded the rifle, he fired a test burst into a nearby bush. Just as he lowered the rifle a helmeted head stuck out from a bush beside the one he had fired at. In excellent Brooklynese the head made several remarks about Manny, the rifle and Manny's intelligence, finishing up by saying, with a grin, "Come on, Marine, let's get those yellow devils."

Running towards the beach, Manny almost stepped on Pete Slovak who had just landed. Pete jumped to his feet grinning and yelled "Careful, ya big lummox!" Manny laughed and gave him a friendly push and then the three of them high-tailed it toward the beach till they were joined by ten more Marines including the captain and Lonny Nelson.

The captain informed them that the Japs were about fifty yards ahead of them and they'd better keep quiet or they'd get their heads blown off.

The squad dropped onto their stomachs and began inching their way towards the Jap lines. When they were within thirty yards of the lines, a Jap machine-gun was suddenly turned on them. They raced for shelter behind rocks and trees.

The constant fire of the machine-gun made it impossible for them to advance their position. The captain ordered them to throw their hand-grenades but all missed their mark till Lonny Nelson, with the experience of college baseball, dropped a grenade right smach on the nest.

The eight men left in the squad attacked with bayonets fixed. Manny saw a Jap lunge in front of him and he expected that would be all for him since the Jap had a dead shot on him. However, with a sudden burst of speed, Pete Slovak passed him and sank his bayonet into the "little yellow man."

With the aid of fifty more Marines the machine-gun nests were wiped out. An hour later Manny was sitting down resting with the paratroopers left. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes but before he could put one in his mouth both Pete Slovak and Lonny Nelson shoved packages before him. He took one from Pete and looked up at them both. He said, "Thanks; thanks a lot."

Sitting there between Lonny and Pete, Manny thought of the story he'd read. He said to himself, "Nope, that guy sure didn't know anything about buddies; he didn't know the marines, I guess."

—Bill Ehman, 12-A.

ONE MEAL AND ONE BULLET

HE was a harmless old fellow, this Jules; a Frenchman with hunched shoulders and shuffling step, whom stubbornness, not food, kept alive. He was well past his days of usefulness, yet not even the Nazis could dim the twinkle in his still bright blue eye. They tossed him a few scraps of food as they would a dog, but wasted no love, or food, on any Frenchman, much less one who was of no use to the Reich.

There had been an Allied raid that night on occupied France and Jules had just retired after watching—with boyish exuberance—a Spitfire down two Focke-Wulfs in a dog fight. Suddenly there was a banging outside! Jules pattered to the door, slid back the bolt and peered out to find a tall, sinister figure silhouetted in the doorway.

"Monsieur, you are a painter," asserted the German officer in a harsh, haughty voice.

"Yes, I was—but I'm an old man now. People don't have their houses painted anymore," whined Jules.

"Get ready and come with me."

Jules scurried into his clothes for he knew the Nazis tolerated no tardiness. He followed the man reluctantly through the dark streets into the fields and paused in front of a battered, beaten place. Here, the man explained himself.

"Tonight the Britsh downed two of our planes. The other is in the next field. You must change the markings on them so that the people will all think that these planes are British. You must be finished before daylight.

Never had Jules worked so diligently. A few hours later he was finished. The soldier led him back home, gave him some ration stamps in payment and marched on.

Had he stayed several minutes longer he would have seen a stooped figure leave the house, hurry through the streets, only to return a few moments later.

The next noon when Jules had returned from the market and finished the best meal he had had in three years he was aroused by a knock on the door. It was the Gestapo.

"Come with us you blundering fool,"

shuoted the captain. "Come with us."

"But what can you want with me?"

"You have made fools of us all, you idiot! The whole town laughs—and you shall pay."

Jules stood straight against the old brick wall, his face transfigured by a wistful smile. Had not his father told him, four score years ago, that a good painter never forgets to put up his sign, "*Wet Paint.*"

—Mary Margaret Glaab, 12-A.

A STRANGE BURIAL

THE two men stopped and scratched their heads. They were the two official grave-diggers of Tua, a busy metropolis in Portugal. "How in the world did anyone think they were going to dig a grave at the corner of the market square?" they asked themselves. Why, it was practically the same thing as to try to dig a grave in Times Square, New York! As a policeman came along just then, they asked him about it. "That's right, boys, that's one grave you have to dig, no matter how difficult it is to get through the cement. You see, this is the way it is . . . .," and he goes on with the story.

It seems that about thirty years ago, one night Lord de Noronka held a ball for his eldest daughter, Lady Isabella, who was young, gay, and by far the most beautiful girl at the party. Near the end of the evening, Isabella found herself dancing in the arms of the most handsome man she had ever seen. Soon he declared his passionate love for her, and before she was twirled into the arms of someone else, she whispered a promise to meet him the next afternoon at one o'clock, at the corner of the market square.

Promptly at one the next day, Isabella was at the corner waiting. She waited until seven o'clock that evening, when, with sad eyes and a heavy heart, she slowly made her way home. She did not know what, but she believed sincerely that something must have happened to Java to make him break their appointment. The next day she was at the corner at one and waited until nightfall; and the next day, and the next. The only thing she knew of him was his first name, Java. All the people of the town searched everywhere, but it was all in vain. They never found him.

For almost thirty years, Isabella waited on the corner from one o'clock on every day, until it became almost a legend in many parts of the country. No one ever ridiculed her. Men tipped their hats as they passed, women curtseyed, and children walked quietly and respectfully by. But one day, not long ago, the people of Tua missed her from the corner. Nor was she there the next day. After making inquiries, they discovered that Lady Isabella had quietly passed away in her sleep.

In her will was the request that she be buried on the corner of the market square and that a lighted bulb always be kept burning over her tombstone. An ample amount of money was left in a trust fund for this purpose. She said in her will that she wished this to be done, so that whether in human life or in spirit form, Java would be able to find her when he was able to come to meet her.

The two grave-diggers nodded their heads in understanding and at once began their work of digging a grave for the person who had come to be known as "The Vigil Woman." On Isabella's tombstone were printed the words "Java, I'm still waiting."

Although it seems unbelievable, her request was carried out by the people of Tua, and even now, on the market square of this thriving town, a lonely light bulb is always burning at all hours of both day and night.

—Belle Matheson, 5-A

BELLS OF VICTORY

ELIZABETH Lowell sat quietly in the old stone church in the village of Charing. The autumn sunlight streamed through the eastern windows and made little pools of red, blue, and gold on the empty pews. She had come to church early because to-day, once more, her husband was to ring the bells in the old stone steeple. His father and grandfather before him had been bell ringers and now, after twenty-two months of silence, the dusty bells would resound across neighboring hills, celebrating Allied victories in Africa.

She sat alone with her hands folded on her prayer book and let her memory drift back through the years. He heart was filled with gladness for the recent victories of her country and her eyes were filled with tears of sadness for her own losses. She gazed at the old walls and windows and remembered hcw, as a child she would sit in a pew on the other side of the church with her parents and count the panes of glass in the long windows during uninteresting sermons—to keep her mind from wandering home where a fine dinner would be cooking.

Elizabeth smiled to herself as she remembered her wedding day. John had stood straight and tall beside her and was so nervous that he had almost dropped the plain gold wedding ring. Twenty-eigh years of happiness had slipped by since then.

A mist of tears clouded her vision, now, as she remembered the day that she and John had taken their only child, Johnnie, to be christened. She had never known that a baby could utter such loud wails! As soon as the vicar had taken him in his arms, John Richard Lowell, Junior, had protested with kicks and cries. They had been so very happy in pre-war days! Each year she noticed Johnnie's dark head a few inches nearer her shoulders as they stood to sing the opening hymn until finally he towered head and shoulders above her.

Then, three years ago on a fine September morning, she looked up at the tall lanky youth and smiled as she noticed how like his father he was. The choir was just ascending the steps and taking their places in the chancel as they sang the opening hymn. The vicar faced the contented little congregation and with a solemn voice told them that England was at war. Johnnie left the next day to enlist in the navy.

Several monts later the thing that she had dreaded from the beginning, came. "The Admiralty regrets . . . " The words kept ringing in her mind like a horrible nightmare. Johnnie was missing after naval action! True, she continued to carry on but she lived without purpose. Never a Red Cross meeting was missed nor a Sunday at church. Never during an air raid did she slacken her work in the shelter—comforting sobbing children, making hot drinks for weary wardens, applying a bandage here and iodine there. This, she felt, would help her to forget. Forget? No; nothing on earth could do that. Her work was done automaticlly but her soul had died within her with the words, "The Admiralty regrets . . ."

Fears still shone in her eyes as a light touch on her arm brought her back to the present. The service had not yet started, and only the vicar stood beside her, smiling.

"I have some news for you," he said.

She dared not hope; but yet that revealing smile told her it could be none but good news.

"Johnnie is safe."

Just then the bells in the steeple peeled forth. How good it was to hear their steady clanging again! She had never heard John ring the bells with such vigor before.

—RUTH JARVIS, 12-B.

THE HOSTAGES

THE sun was beating down warmly on the narrow cobbled street of a small village in Southern Brittany. At a first glance the small stone houses with their green doors and shutters seemed to be the same as before those dread days in June, 1940. On looking closer, however, these seemed to be something missing—where was the usual crowd of browned fishermen drinking their red wine before the inn? Where were the grubby children rolling in the dust of the village street with their equally grubby dogs? Where the women, in their starched white caps, knitting and gossiping around the white-washed doorsteps?

where, indeed? You may ask the German—the "sale Boche" as the once laughter-loving Bretons call him. Most of the ablebodied men over sixteen were working their hearts out in the filthy factories of Germany. The women were wating in a long queue in front of the groceries, waiting patiently and often in vain for the meagre rations they were given each month. The grubby children, now thin and emaciated were grovelling in the garbage cans and dumps for anything edible to swell the family dinner. A few men, all old and disabled, were sitting inside the inn, making the most of their skimp litre of wine.

Into this scene—calm and peaceful by German standards, crept little Jean, who like all the children resembled a pitiful skeleton. To all the groups along the street he whispered a few words, words which caused the men to place their glasses on the table, the women to pale. These words, "Two German soldiers have been found dead outside the village," meant that death and tragedy would follow swiftly.

Tramp—tramp—the sound of German boots on the cobbles, the clatter of German arms, shouted orders, and in a few minutes the square is full of grey clad soldiers. Women are hustled from the queue, men are pulled roughly from the inn door, even children are rounded up from the garbage cans. A hard-faced German officer takes the centre of the stage and barks out "Men of Loisanne, a terrible crime has been committeed against the Fatherland by some swine from this village. If you do not at once tell me what you know about this outrage, and the names of the dogs who dared to raise their hands against soldiers of the Reich, revenge will be swift."

A silence broken only by the shuffling of German boots till the German officer yells, "All right, you murderers! Heimrich, take every third man out to the orchard and shoot him."

The men are lined up against the brick wall at one end of the square, and a soldier goes down the line pointing, "You, and you, and you. Dry-eyed and pale, the women watch, their eyes fixed on the line of their menfolk. "There goes little Jean, just sixteen, there Henri, the once merry baker, old Jeanneret with one leg, Guillame, the story teller, the white-haired Abbé and several more." There they go, between two lines of Germans, up the hill to the orchard.

Among the apple trees they were lined up, little Jean, l'Abbe and the rest. The machine-gun was set in position, the women in the village below bowed their heads, when suddenly—above the song of the birds, rose the strains of the Marsellaise. The machine-guns roared—but the song was taken up by the women below, it rose above the guns, to the heavens above—the song of a people unconquered! Allons mes enfants de la patrie, le jour de glorie est arrive——!

—BINDLE TOZER.



LES BAUX

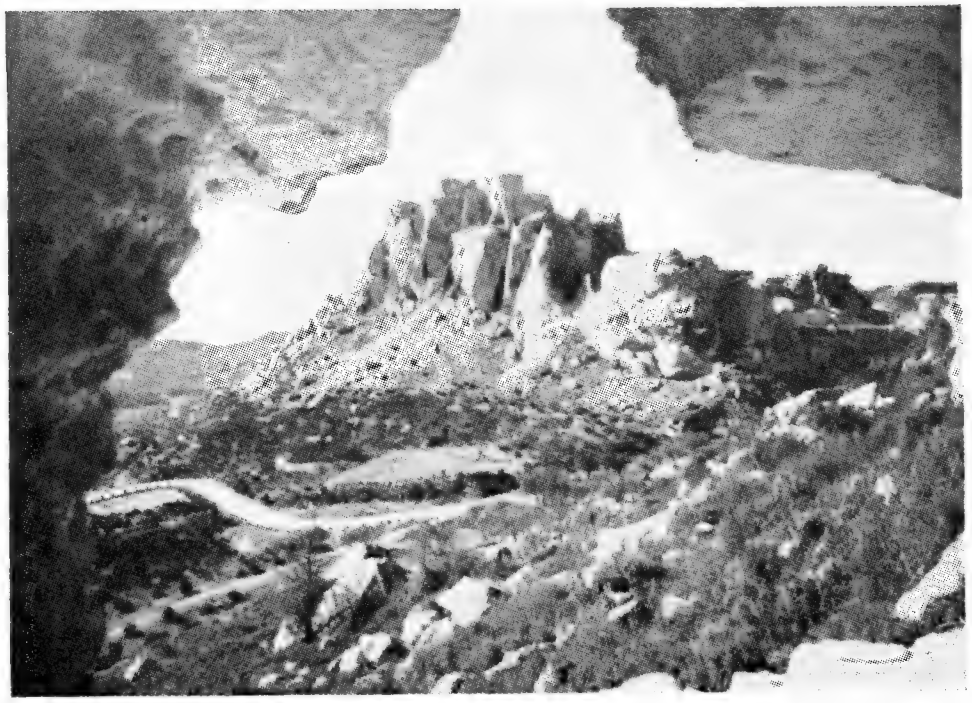
"Extraordinary place, but mad, quite mad!"

IF those words appeal to you as much as they did to me on an August morning a few years ago, you will come with me to visit an astounding spot, a city of the past, one of those unusual places not on the beaten path known so well to tourists.

Having spent some time in the south of France visiting old Roman remains at Orange, Avignon, Nimes and Arles, I was about to leave the last mentioned city when I heard for the first time of Les Baux, the "mediaeval Pompeii," a mass of ruins clinging to a steep rock cliff in the range of the Alpilles Mountains. I hastily made my way to the Syndicat d' Initiative, the Chamber of Commerce, where, in so many other French cities I had received the desired information about sight-seeing tours, only to find that the one daily bus had left five minutes before. Experiencing the same disappointment were four other tourists, a French family, who also wished to see this relic of former grandeur. Together we hired a car and started on our perilous journey, made even more dangerous by the reckless driving of our French chauffeur who, like the taxi-drivers of Paris, went around corners on two wheels. Rounding hair-pin curves on the way was a little hard on the nerves of the high-strung French woman who sat next to me, and who clutched my arm at each fresh turn. In spite of my fellow-traveller's fear I enjoyed the glorious scenery of the Alpilles. They appear quite barren except for an occasional cluster of pines, but are deeply loved by artists for their colour of violet tinged with rose. As we made our way up the mountain side, we could look up at the fantastic remains of Les Baux perched on the summit, and we would not have been surprised to see, and perhaps feel, some of it rolling down, as indeed other parts of it have already done. What difficulties must have been surmounted in building on that precarious position!

At last we found ourselves right in the midst of the ruins, looking down at the winding road below and marvelling that we had actually arrived safely. As we stared around us at the decaying and desolate ruins which presented such an aspect of dignified sadness, we could hardly believe that knights and ladies in gay attire had once walked there. Now there dwell only sixty-four inhabitants who eke out a meagre existence quarrying the famous bauxite, an ore from which aluminum is made and which receives its name from this once well-known town.

The inhabitants of Les Baux speak



LES BAUX The Rock and the Chateau Looking Seaward

the Langudocian dialect which is a descendant of Latin more direct than Parisian French because of the fact that the Latin language underwent less change in the Mediterranean district. However, those who act as guides speak a language more easily understood by Frenchmen from other parts of the country, and from our guide we learned of the fascinating past of this "eagles' nest" high up on the mountain top.

The discovery of flint implements and pieces of pottery has shown the existence of a camp there even as early as the Stone Age period. Later the Greek and Roman civilizations played their part in this age-old settlement. On the mountain slope amidst the pine trees is a Greek cemetery of the six century before Christ, where even recently coins of the period have been found. The neighboring city of Arles was the "little Rome" of 45 B.C., and the handiwork of the Romans may still be seen near Les Baux on three Roman figures carved from a boulder at the foot of the cliff. In later years the Saracens must have thought this an impregnable position, for they used it as a stronghold. Then there seems to be little known until the year 960, the beginning of the rule of the Seigneurs of Les Baux. The members of this influential family used the Star of Bethlehem on their shields because they claimed to be descended from one of the Wise Men of the East. Their power gradually extended until they ruled over seventy-nine subject towns, of which Les Baux was the capital. After five hundred years of rule, the prestige of this noble line had dwindled, and at the end of many centuries of religious strife the eventful history of this stronghold came to an end with Cardinal Richelieu's decision to have it destroyed.

Our guide, with an uninterrupted flow of anecdotes and explanations, led us through the main street, wide enough for only one small cart. We felt quite alone in this part of the world which was

peopled by ghosts of the past. As we wandered through the three streets that remained, we saw doors and windows cut out of sheer rock, with gaping holes where once had been rooms of all kinds. The few houses left standing were open to the wind and rain. Many of the buildings were cut from the rock in such a way that the top story on one side was at the level of the street on the other. Among the ruins we saw a church window with the device of the Geneva Calvinists carved under it: "Post Tenebras Lux" (After the darkness—light). Nearby was the old twelfth century church where, each Christmastide, in the little rock chapel a lamb is brought to the altar in a ram-drawn cart while a choir sings an old French Noel.

Passing on to the large open space on the wind-swept rock-top where tournaments were celebrated and the Courts of Love were held, we could picture for ourselves the gay scenes of the older days. After the ladies present had decided who should receive the award, the Queen of Love crowned the winner. These Courts were described most enthusiastically by the Provenceal poet Mistral. This poet's name will always be associated in my mind with this rock plateau for another reason also, for "Mistral" is the name of the wind which blows in this district. Adjectives fail me when I attempt to describe this wind, one which is unequalled except perhaps by that which blows on the steps of the Sarnia Post Office. As we were standing near the edge of the cliff, with our legs and faces stinging from the particles of stone in the wind, one of the French gentlemen in our party warned us to keep away from the edge as he had seen numerous persons lifted right off their feet by the Mistral. Just at that moment his wife saw her hat go whirling down into the valley, and we decided that it might be wise to move to a safer region. It was worth the discomfort, however, to enjoy the magnificent panorama spread out before us, beautiful and yet grotesque, so grotesque that the claim is made that this scene inspired the desriptions in Dantes' "Inferno." Indeed so weird and extravagant was the whole scene that, upon our return to Arles, we felt that we had returned from a visit with shades of the past.

—JEAN B. WILTON.

GREENFIELD VILLAGE

GREENFIELD Village is an interesting place indeed. It is in Detroit and is owned by Henry Ford. Things brought from all over the world have made the place what it is.

You enter the village and go, of course, to the museum. In the museum are locomotives, aeroplanes, cars, carriages—everything from the first model to the latest. There are so many other objects of interest there that I couldn't begin to tell about all of them. The first thing noticed as you walk through the door is the beautiful floor. It is made of teakwood and is laid in very small pieces. It is the only one of its kind in the world, the wood being all imported.

You leave the museum and get on a bus which takes you into the village proper. You get off the bus and a guide takes you around the village.

The most comical sight is the general store of many years ago. All the merchandise is on display and it seems funny to compare it with the merchandise of to-day.

After passing other sights of interest the guide takes you into Stephen Foster's house. The land slopes at the back of the house so much that when you stand on the balcony on first floor you would think you were on second.

Further on there is the court house where Lincoln held all his meetings and inside is his death chair with his blood still visible. In the fireplace is a fire

which has never been allowed to go out.

Thomas Edison's laboratory is there just as it was when he made the first electric light.

These are but a few of the most interesting points. I could go on endlessly, telling everything in detail but from what I have said, you can get a reasonably good description of the absorbing Greenfield Village.

—MARILYN FOX, 10-D.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS

HAVE you ever wondered what it was like to stand in the middle of a frothy vanilla soda and look around? You'ld think the froth would tickle, wouldn't you? It does! We stood in the middle, well, perhaps not quite in the middle of Niagara Falls, once, looking around, and it was just like a vanilla soda—white and bubbly.

The trip was called the "Cave of the Winds." In marble-floored dressing-rooms we clambered into wrinkled, yellow oilskins which hung about us in a fearful fashion, then floated down several hundred feet in a tummy-twisting elevator to the bank of the Niagara. Here, all but the most courageous, quailed. The Niagara rapids, shooting great sheets of green water skyward for many feet, seemed terrifying and beautiful from the rocky ledge about but down here they were just terrifying. No turning back now, though, so with weak smiles, we pulled the hoods of our oilskins over our heads, took a deep breath and, trying not to think that it was our last, followed our guide, who seemed at that moment, a grinning ogre, eagerly carrying us to a ghastly doom.

But it was glorious! We followed our leader along wooden steps that led up, up, high beside the fallong tons of water. We of course, were bathed only in the spray from the falls themselves but it flew in our faces with such strength, blinding us and buffeting our bodies that we clutched the handrail in a grip of iron while the overpowering roar of the falls only added to our terror.

When we reached the top of the stairway, and, standing on the tiny platform, realized that after all we were probably not going to be dashed to bits on those jagged rocks below, the full beauty of the place struck us. It was then most like an ice-cream soda. We saw the people ahead through a swirling milky haze of water, as they bent their heads against the wind, looking for all the world like a string of wavering Alpine climbers, while on either side, the falls gambolled down over the rocks like a small boy leaping over stepping stones, till, in a frenzy of delight, they flung themselves with a shriek into the sudsy whirlpool at the bottom. Here were the falls in all their thundering magnificence, filling us with sights and sounds that we would never forget.

When it was all over, once more we stood in the marble-floored dressing rooms, comparing our experiences with shining eyes, and finding endless things to say about this wonder—that is, until sundry, cold trickles made us realize that our oilskins were not absolutely reliable, and sent us scurrying off to change, determined to climb into the soda again—soon!

—SHIRLEY MORRISON.

"EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FASHION"

LIVING as we do in this marvellous age of science with high speed automobiles, aeronautics, radios, electricity and its myriad of uses, it seems a far cry from Civil War days. That period in our memory is an era recorded by our history books and we recall it included in our class studies at school. It doesn't

seem possible that a basic industry which was flourishing in those days can still be in operation without any form in operating methods, nor would one be able to meet and speak with an actual ex-slave of that period. Yet one turpentine still, near Georgia's southern border preserves the spirit of that period in its entirety.

Here lives "Uncle Doug"—former ex-slave (featured in "Believe it or Not"), father of thirty-eight children, hale and hearty at the age of ninety-seven.

Here live some two hundred happy descendants of former slaves engaged in the large scale production exactly as were their forefathers a century ago.

Here one wanders through deep south woodlands and is seemingly transported back to the days of long ago. Pickanninies are at play in the sand, an old dog indifferently watches; a care-free darky plaintively strums a guitar, the sounds of southern folk-songs wave through the air, typical mammies are washing clothes in primitive iron black boilers—while out of the pine woods gum is being gathered for over in the big "still" turpentine is being distilled in unhurried eighteenth century fashion.

—JOANNE ROSE, 12-A.

PISCADO THE FISHERMAN

PISCADO was one of the quaintest characters I have ever met. In his youth he had been a fisherman, one of the best, I was told. But now because he was old, stiff and had three fingers torn off by a shark, he stayed ashore.

He had a stubby little figure that seemed rooted to the floor by his large, spreading feet. One day Piscado came to our door, his face lined with pain; he was wearing his first shoes. On his sea-worn, pock-marked head he wore an old, tattered Panama hat with a hole in the top. "Por aire" he would explain. So patched was his shirt, that one could not make out the original material. His trousers were newer, and a gorgeous shade of strawberry-pink, a favourite colour of Peruvian fishermen. Between the multicoloured shirt and yellowed hat peeped a merry brown face with a grin that would have put Joe E. Brown to shame.

Piscado sold fish to the "gringos" (foreigners). He would climb the hill, waddling from door to door; screeching at the top of his voice "Piscado!"

Not always was he so quick in coming. Sometimes he took so long that, as one captain said, "He has to pick up the fish and shake it for a few minutes, before the flies are off long enough for you to see the fish."

It was amusing to see him trade with the maid, but more soothing to see him try to sell something to the "Señora."

Before the customer could pick out her fish he had to tell of all the perils and troubles of fishing, how the price of fish was so high that his "familia" was starving. We all knew that the price of fish was the same as it had been for the last twenty years, but that made no difference.

At last the now exhausted customer was allowed to pick out a fish. Then, if the maid was around, there would be an argument concerning the weight of the fish.

"That fish does not weigh seven pounds."

"Señorita, you doubt me?"

"Yes!"

"On the very best scale in the market it weighed eight pounds, but I am giving you a gift of one pound."

"El Señor has a scale. I will fetch it."

The scale was brought.

"See, you bad man, six pounds! Now what do you say?"

"The sun must have dried it up as I walked along the street," the old man would apologize.

Piscado could never understand why the white people did not like to eat the heads of fish; to him they were a delic-

acy;

"And now Señora, the head?" he would begin hopefully.

"Oh, yes, cut it off. We do not want it."

"But why, Señora? With it you can make sucha beautiful soup."

Then would follow a lengthy monologue on the proper way of cooking the head.

We were firm. We did *not* want that head. Sadly, he would take out his two-foot "machete" (knife) and with a grevious slash the head was chopped off.

When the war started in 1939 no peddlers were allowed into the white community. Even though I shall probably never see old Piscado again, for he's very old, I will always remember him as one of the quaintest characters I have ever met.

NELLIE THOMPSON, 11-C.



This Gremlin is known as the **Life Saver** (see his medal?) He hides your book the day you "didn't have time to do your homework."

A farmer and Mr. Asbury were sharing a seat on a train. It was getting lonsome, so the farmer started a conversation and soon they became a friendly pair.

"Let's have a game of riddles to pass the time," said Mr. Asbury. "If I have a riddle you can't answer, you give me adollar, or vice versa."

"O.K.," replied the farmer, "but since you're better educated, do you mind if I only pay 50 cents?"

"All right," said Mr. Asbury, "you go first."

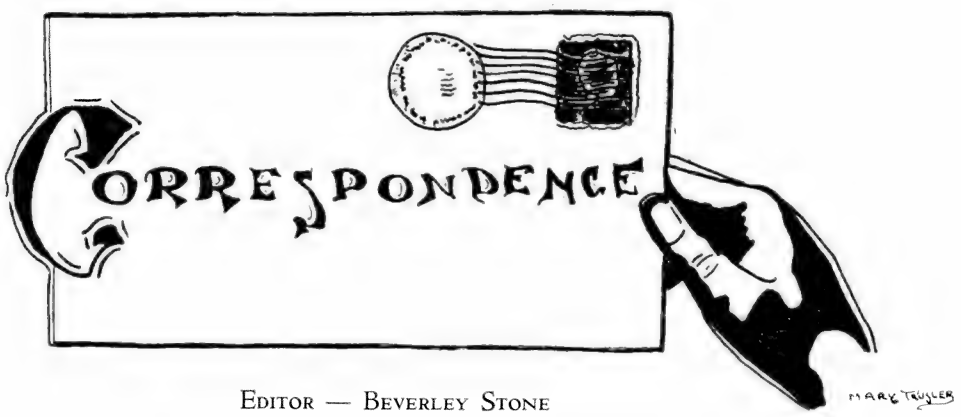
"Well . . . what animal has three legs walking and two legs flying?"

"I don't know, here's a dollar. What's the answer?"

"I don't know, either. Here's your fifty cents."

* * * *

Pepetual Motion: Rags make paper, paper makes money, money makes banks, banks make loans, loans make poverty, poverty makes rags.



EDITOR — BEVERLEY STONE

A year or so ago, I was fortunate enough to meet a Flight Lieutentant in the R.A.F. who was in Canada taking a special course. We saw quite a bit of him so that when he had to leave for England two months later, we were very good friends. He was first sent to India and thence to Russia. He spent some time there and my article is about the letter that he wrote when he left Russia.

In Canada, we have no appreciation of the cruelties and ironies of war as it is known in Britain. However, our friend told us the the gap between the Russian way of life and the English is just as great as between the English and the Canadian. I think it shows exceedingly well what the Russians are going through and the spirit and courage with which they are waging their war. The following is an extract from his letter.

"I spent a certain amount of time in Northern Russia and despite the enormous amount of work we had to do there, it was most interesting. I must say that my lasting feeling was one of shame, shame that we should even consider ourselves in a War compared with the Russians. Honestly, we simply don't know what war means, and as for our efforts compared with theirs, it made me feel like a piece of cut glass in a diamond necklace. It isn't possible to convey (on paper) their grim determination, spirit of sacrifice, and prodigious effort. Let me give you one example; there is no clique of officers' wives.Oh no! they are up at dawn working in the fields like all the others who are not in the factories or forces. Their kindness and hospitality are amazing. They had so little, so very little, and yet all they had was ours for the asking, in fact, without even asking. It is a strange land, the vastness of it almost frightens me but it is a land of the future. When I left Russia, I asked the Commandant of the Base from which I had been operating, if I could send him anything from England. At first, he said there was nothing he wanted, but finally he said, with great embarassment, that he would like a pair of shoes for his wife. That probably makes you think as much as it made me think. He got his shoes.

Two impressions all of us brought back, the first was that defeat is not in the Russian vocabulary and the second was the anxiety of all the Russians we met, that the Allies of today should be Allies for all time and so build a world for all to live in. It was a strange experience but one I would not have missed for the world."

This is his letter. It is one of the most moving and vivid accounts of the Russians I have ever read. No one reading it can help but see what a terrific job

the Russians are doing. As I said before, we can't, at the present, hope to compare with these fighters and it is up to us to make ourselves comparable.

BILL DAWSON, 5-B

Dear Beverley:

A little while ago our Guides had a big book collection for the sailors. We collected a mile of books. They were put along the curb of London Road for a mile from Streatham Hill Station to Norbury Station. It was wonderful the way everybody turned out at least one book.

By the way, I have changed my job and am now training as a nurse in a children's War Nursery. It is ever such interesting work. The children's ages are from two to five years. We have twenty-four children, eighteen boys and six girls. We (the nurses) get up at six a.m., report on duty at six-thirty, get all the children up, wash them and put them in the dining room for their breakfast. At seven-thirty the nurses go to breakfast and we then make up the cots, sweep and dust the nurseries and the children go out for a walk. After their dinner, the children sleep on their stretchers for an hour. Then after another walk, they come back to tea and a play-time. At five o'clock, we start bathing. Then at seven p.m. we have our supper and clean all the children's shoes. After that we are off duty except for washing up.

Well, so much for my job. I lost my one and only hair grip. They are terribly short over here and everyone has a job to get them. I guess I will have to start wearing ribbons!

We have nearly come to the end of a "clothing ration" period and everyone is waiting impatiently for our new ration cards, as we cannot buy any clothes until we get them.

* * *

Fancy going for a weiner roast on the beach in the moonlight. I honestly had to read your letter three times before I could believe my eyes. When I told the girls, they gasped and said: "Oh, the lucky things," because you are lucky, you know. Still, we mustn't grumble, things could be a great deal worse than they are.

* * *

About six miles out of London there is a youth hostel for young people from Church youth clubs, etc. I went for a week-end a little while ago. It was marvellous to get out of London even for only a short time. I had a most marvellous time.

Our Youth Guild put on a play a short while ago in aid of our funds. It was so successful that we put it on a second time in aid of the Streatham forces club. So you see we still have our play-times.

The other day I went with a party of people to Hampton Court and we went for a boat ride on the River Thames for an hour. It was very sunny and we had a glorious time indeed.

Best wishes to you,

Sincerely,

ELSIE.

Royal Holloway College,
Englefield Green,
Surrey.

Dear Joan:

As you will see from the above address, I am now at college and having a grand time.

I came up early in October and it feels now as if I have been here for years and years.

The college is a magnificent building, modelled on a French Renaissance Chateau. It is all towers and minarets and "things" and is situated on the top of a very high hill. I have a study-and-bedroom which is on the fourth floor, so I have to go up about 56 steps to get to it, which I do everytime I forget anything! My room is small and rather dark, but awfully cosy in the winter when I have

the curtains drawn and a blazing fire.

Because of war-time shortage of maids, we have to dust our own rooms, get our own water, lay and light our fires, all of which takes up a good bit of the day.

The rising bell goes at seven every morning which seems an unearthly hour to me. We have to be in chapel by eight, which means that I am usually dashing around at about five to eight. We are allowed to skip chapel one morning a week.

We have breakfast at eight-fifteen and start work at nine. Nine to one are college hours, but you work when you feel like it and it is all left to your own discertion! At ten o'clock we have currant bread and spotty, if we are not at lectures. I have about eight lectures a week which is really not many.

Dinner is at onefi then I play games twice a week till about two. Tea is in our rooms at four and provided by us except for the rolls and tea. Supper is at seven. All the meals are jolly good and the rationing difficulty has been wonderfully overcome.

On Monday after supper I go to band where I play the cello. About thirty students and four or five of the staff usually go. On Tuesday evening I go to choral. On Wednesday there is usually someone down to speak; we have had all manner of folk. Thursday night I go to the Education Society and the discussion in dressing gowns, afterwards, usually ends in a free fight at about midnight. All the other nights are filled up too.

On the 17th of November, I went up to town to the International Student Rally at Albert Hall. There were about 4,000 students and about seventy-five percent I should think, were foreigners. Representatives of 20 different countries spoke, first in English and then in their own language. It was all most interesting.

With love and best wishes to you,

—MARGARET.

Air Headquarters,
Egypt, M.E.F.

Dear Joan:

I did start out on a long letter to you, this was before Xmas. Alas, it is still unfinished and I think it would be better if I scrapped it and wrote to you by air-graph.

I am glad that I manage to cheer you up from time to time, but everyone gets fed up at some time or the other. I will say this though, that I have felt fed up more times at the base than I ever did when I was out in the Western Desert. There I felt I was doing something to help.

I used to fly an ambulance (air) to collect casualties from the forward areas. We crashed once when we were going to evacuate some chaps from Suva. We had to spend the night right out in the wilds but we all got away with it. On another trip, one engine blew up when we were only 17 miles from home and we lobbed down on an emergency landing ground. We slept out in the open that night and it was December and darned cold! Apart from all this there were bombs and strafes, etc.

Did I ever tell you I was in the siege of Tobruk? It was pretty lousy and when I say lousy I mean lousy. But it was all fun. All the chaps were in it as much as I. I was much better off than some because some were married and had families and some had lost their families in the blitzes. But we were helping, and so it went on.

Eventually I was posted back to base after eighteen months on the blue. The day before I was due to go I managed to fix for myself a lift in a truck because it is nore pleasant going across the desert by truck than train. It was lucky for me that I did because soon after the train left the desert stop 'the Jerry varmint' came over and bombed and strafed it and there was a long list of casualties. In the meantime we had got under way and were a hundred miles away. All this seems to be about my doings on the desert.

Now for my sojourn at the base. When I got back I had to remake contact with all the people that I knew here in peacetime. This was hard as some have left and others, alas, had forgotten me.

I saw the flick 'This Above All' two days ago. 'Mrs. Miniver' is coming next week. Do you listen to music much? I go to lots of concerts here, highbrow ones. They are really very good. It's nice to relax after a day's work and listen to some soothing music.

All my love,

John

The above is a letter from my uncle who is stationed in Egypt with the R.A.F.

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97 Victoria Ave,
Wembley,
Middlesex,
England.

Dear Shirley:

You and I will have fun, I know, exchanging our views on things in general. Canada and England are the same at heart but vastly different in exterior so that we ought never to bore each other.

I too am seventeen Shirley and live only one hour's journey from London. To go to the city is still fun in spite of our rationing. Clothes, especially are a bit of a nuisance, with sixty coupons for fourteen months; and believe me, they do not buy much. Food, of course, is strictly rationed, but we did have a tin of Canadian tomatoes last week, and I felt on quite familiar terms with it, knowing you!

I'm very busy at the moment Shirley, doing Red Cross work. I'm training with them and also doing part time duty at a Nursing Home for Air Raid Victims. You would not believe a bomb could do so much damage to a person! I'm getting rather used to it all now, though.

I say, while I think of it, is Sarnia like the towns you see in "Andy Hardy" films? If so, I should love to live there, for they seem so pretty in the cinema.

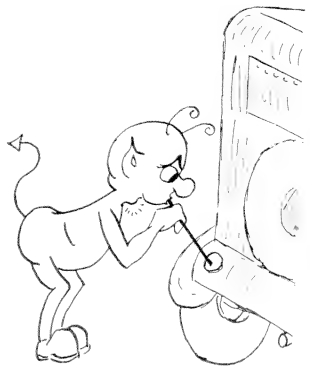
The other day, coming home from London, we were overtaken by a flock of Jerries who machine-gunned our train. We stopped of course, and everyone scurried to cover in the fields by the tracks. I really ran, believe me, with bullets spattering about as an added inducement to fly! Our street was badly hit yesterday. Four houses were "knocked out", and our shelter shook just like "Mrs. Miniver's."

Any number of Canadian and American soldiers have been out to our place. Mummie and I love having them. All the English people appreciate very much what you Canadians are doing to help us; it's really splendid! I met Douglas Fairbanks in London, a few weeks ago and thought him charming. Just thought you might be interested!

I must run now for the warning whistles are wailing. Write soon.

Cheerio,

Joan.



This Gremlin takes gas out of Jim Rosenbloom's car, thereby making Dick Finlay late. (This may be of interest to Dick's form teacher)



EDITOR — BETTY FOSTER

FRENCH OPERA

NOWADAYS it is good to think of France as the "gai pays" it was before the war and there is no happier memory for me than her operas, so many of which I enjoyed during student days.

There were special student tickets, large sheets of thin paper which might be turned in with the price of one seat, the bearer thus being entitled to two places. The orchestra pit and front rows of the balcony could be enjoyed by students for any opera at the small price of fifty cents each at that time.

The opera was our one weekly extravagance while we studied at the Universite de Lyon. We procured tickets on Monday for the evening that sounded most alluring to us, and in this way during the winters, became familiar with music that rings in our minds to this day.

Not only the operas, but their audiences and the artists and musicians who took part, became intensely interesting to us. Monsieur Stroni, the favourite conductor of the orchestra, was greeted always with thunderous applause as he took his place with slendor baton held imperatively high. He was the master of ceremonies and at his will rare encores were given; also upon his head rained imprecations when he refused to grant the repetition of favourite passages so eagerly desired by the listening throng. We watched one young tenor grow in importance from very minor roles to the leading part, his chance coming dramatically when a visiting tenor from Paris failed to keep his engagement to sing. This young man was the darling of the crowd. All hung spellbound on his notes that night of his great opportunity, and a simultaneous sigh went up when, at the very end of a favorite aria, his voice dropped, slightly off key. The tenor waited for the hisses and cat-calls which invariably followed a false note. There was not a sound. Gradually he realized that, though his audience would not applaud where no applause was due, yet neither would it criticize without further trial. He continued in his part, and finished the opera in a blaze of glory, completely re-instated by the faith of his listeners. There was the unfortunate soprano who displeased both with voice and personality and to whom at the end of the evening a large bunch of onions was thrown from the gods. Also the prima dona who bowed low over a tiny bunch of violets which sailed down from the same quarter.

Music is interlaced trough French life. In the poorest quarters snatches of the great operas are heard. It is impossible to believe that a people should pass into nothingness, whose response is so keen to the great things of this world.

—P. C. S.

THE MUSICAL STAMPS OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

EVERY country interprets its music in different ways. They take a type of music, put their own rhythm and feeling into it and thus stamp it as belong to them. Let us consider the music of six nations of the world: Italy, Germany, France, England, Russia, and America. On doing so we shall find that each country has music that is very much its own.

Italy really shines in two types of music; Church music and operas. Italians are very emotional so we can guess (and accurately too) that their music is also emotional. When we hear a piece of Church music about the Creation or the Resurrection that is overflowing with emotion and sauve beauty we can correctly associate it with Italy. If you have ever listened to the popular Italian opera "Rigoletto" you were probably fascinated by its soft and intense feeing. Thus these two fields of Italian music were stamped with emotion and with a definite stamp.

Germany put her imprint on Church music. Unlike Italy she made her music deep, booming and solemn. A perfect example of such music is Bach's "Mass in B Minor." Although Germany only chose this one type of music to act as a trade mark for her country she was very successful and has left her mark on her Church music to this day.

While Germany was interested in her Church music, France branched ahead in operas. She copied Italian operas, writing them with her own emotion. Italian operas were soft and gentle while the French were very, very dramatic.

The preceeding countries thought only of Church and operatic music, while England was less classical in her style. She marked her music with the English ballad — the true ballad. It was precise, with definite rhythms and strong in song. England was not entirely without operas however. They were firm and gracious — strikingly different from French and Italian ones. "The Mikado" and "The Yoeman of the Guard" typify English operatic music. The true ballad however holds the real English soul.

All truly Russian music has a character of its own. It is passionately gay with a strain of orientalism. Its gaiety and wild rhythm makes one feel like dancing, and most of it is for folk dancing. The Russian folk dances and songs are countless in number and all beautiful. They are definitely the sign of Russian music.

It takes countries centuries to reach a climax in music, and American music has not, as yet, reached its peak. It has experimented in practically every field of music and has acquired a definite accent for the same sprightliness runs through all true American music. Edgar S. Kelly's humerous symphony "Gulliver" is easily recognized as American and no other country could produce a "Mister Five by Five" or a "Two o'clock Jump".

Still other countries have their own accents. South American music is marked by its definite beats and rapid movements; Chinese music by the weirdness of its melodies; African music by the use of drums and tom-toms and the continual repeating of the same note. So we see, that every country picks its favourite type of music and clearly labels it as belonging to that country, and that only.

GERTRUDE BROWN

"THE BEAT OF THE BOOGIE"

BOOGIE woogie, although today reaching new heights of popularity has a long and hectic history. It is a form of music that originated with the African savages in their tribal dances and it was first recognized among the negroes of the Southern States as early as 1904. From that humble beginning it gradually grew, until today America is boogie woogie conscious. The chief exponents of the art are negroes, although it is now becoming increasingly popular with white musicians.

The instrument best suited for playing boogie woogie is the piano. On it, the many different styles of bass may be well brought out, while the treble mainly depends upon the ability of the pianist to improvise and produce the many little "hot licks", which are necessary to "send" him. The first major difficulty encountered in playing boogie woogie is the playing of both hands simultaneously. Before any attempt is made at playing simultaneously, the hands must be completely independent of each other so that the bass can be played in strict time — with the right "swing" — and without the distraction of concentrating on the sequence of the notes in the bass figure.

Three outstanding exponents of the art of playing boogie woogie are, Pete Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, who formed the famed Boogie Woogie Trio. All these men are talented jazz pianists and they have done much in popularizing the style with their recordings and clever improsing.

Music is divided into two basic parts, rhythmic and melodic. The rhythmic part is usually monopitch, and represents action such as the dance. The melodic part has no set regularity of impulse, but has change of pitch such as vocal utterances. In boogie woogie the rhythm predominates, melody being secondary. This is in direct contrast to the blues in which the melody is the more important factor. The very soul of boogie woogie lies in the constant reiteration of a fast moving bass which expresses an exuberance of spirit while the blues expresses the emotion of sadness and disillusionment. The bass line has the double duty of being at once harmonic and percussive. The tempo may be from medium to very fast. In the brighter and in the very fast tempos, a bass in eighths is most prevalent: in the slower tempos, it is advisable to use dotted eighths and sixteenths to keep a solid beat. This accounts for the title of a popular boogie "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar."

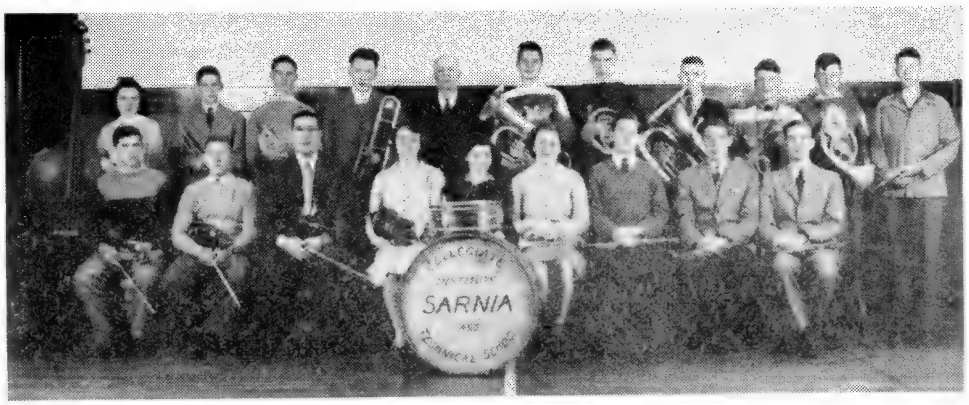
It can be truly said that boogie woogie has arrived and that it intends to stay. Dance bands throughout the land are featuring it. Dozens of phonograph records are being issued featuring boogie woogie artists. I sincerely believe that this peculiar style is destined for a permament niche in the field of music.

LACHLAN MAC LEAN

She can't dance so well but gosh how she can intermission.

* * * *

Et pour les élèves Français—
Bob Fisher: Tu est le plus parfait des imbéciles de la création.
Neil Dickson: Et, moi, je ne connais personne plus idiot que toi.
Mlle. Taylor (d'un ton maternel): Pardon, messieurs, vous oubliez que je suis ici.



SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Back Row—B. Foster, L. Dennis, D. Shanks, R. Dailey, Mr. Brush, Doug Shanks, W. Guthrie, R. Greere. R. Treitz, M. Wilson, A. Walling.
Front Row—A. Gajdos, R. Allan, Mr. Rogin, Miss Ramsden, P. Bruner, D. Campbell, R. Galpin, B. Barry, T. Kenny.

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Each morning, as the students in the assembly hall gallery study period hear the "plink, plink" of the violins being tuned they eagerly await the beginning of the daily martial music. As the members of the staff enter the hall their minds are momentarily relaxed by the springy tunes of our orchestra. What would our school be like without this each morning? They are also to be highly congratulated on their splendid perseverence as they see many of their members drop out and become members of some branch of the Armed Forces.

In the Lambton County Music Festival of 1942 the Orchestra under the able leadership of Mr. Brush, received 80 points for its rendition of "Andante Cantabile", from Beethoven's First Symphony.

PERSONNEL OF SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.
Violins—Mr. W. Rogin, Miss Ramsden, Mitchell Keskanek, Ross Allan, Andy Gajdos, Wes Marshal.
Cello—Betty Foster.
Bass—Ray Geere.
Piano—Cal Kennedy.
Clarinets—Bruce Barry, Bob Galpin, Ralph McLean, Arnold Wolland, Tom Kenny.
Trumpets — Don Shanks, Dorothy Campbell, Lloyd Dennis.
Euphonium — Doug. Shanks.
Horns—Don Gutherie, Malcolm Wilson.
Trombone — Ralph Dailey.
Drums — Pat Bruner.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

The S. C. I. & T. S. Junior Orchestra, consisting of public school students and juniors of high school, is the beginning of the future Senior Orchestra and Band. In it are many talented players just beginning their musical career. It received high praise in the Music Festival last year as it carried off 84 points. Congratulations Juniors, and you have our best wishes for higher achievements and more successes in the future.



SCHOOL BAND

Back Row—R. Greere, B. Dempsey, F. Osborne, D. Shanks, D. Wilson, K. Setlar, T. Millard, D. Baird, M. Wilson.

Middle Row—W. Wren, A. Keyes, D. Marriot, F. Dagg, R. Dailey, Mr. Brush, B. Guthrie, W. Marshall, R. Treitz, D. Harness, D. Eyre.

Front Row—D. Shanks, L. Dennis, R. Allen, T. Jennings, D. Cole, A. Mustard, A. Walling, B. Barry, R. MacLean, A. Gajdos, T. Kenny.

THE BAND

Under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush the S. C. I. & T. S. band has always received high honours at the Cadet Inspection and in the Lambton County Music Festival. This is a trying time for the band because of the number which have entered the Armed Forces, but our encouragement and good wishes go to the band for their continued success in the future.

PERSONNEL OF THE BAND

Conductor — Mr. W. E. Brush.

Cornets — Don Shanks, Art Mustard, Bob Cole, Tom Jennings, Lloyd Dennis.

Clarinets — Bruce Barry, Bob Galpin, Ralph Mc Lean, Tom Kenny, Arnold Wolland, Andy Gajdos.

Saxophone — Ronald Treitz.

Horns — Don Guthrie, Malcolm Wilson, Don Eyre, Keith Sutton.

Euphonium — Doug Shanks.

Baritone — Frayne Osborne

Trombone — Walt Wren, Ralph Dailey, Doug Morriot, Fred Dagg.

Bases — Ray Geere, Bill Dempsey, Ted Millard.

Drums — Wes Marshal, Doug Baird, Don Schnarr, Jack Bond.

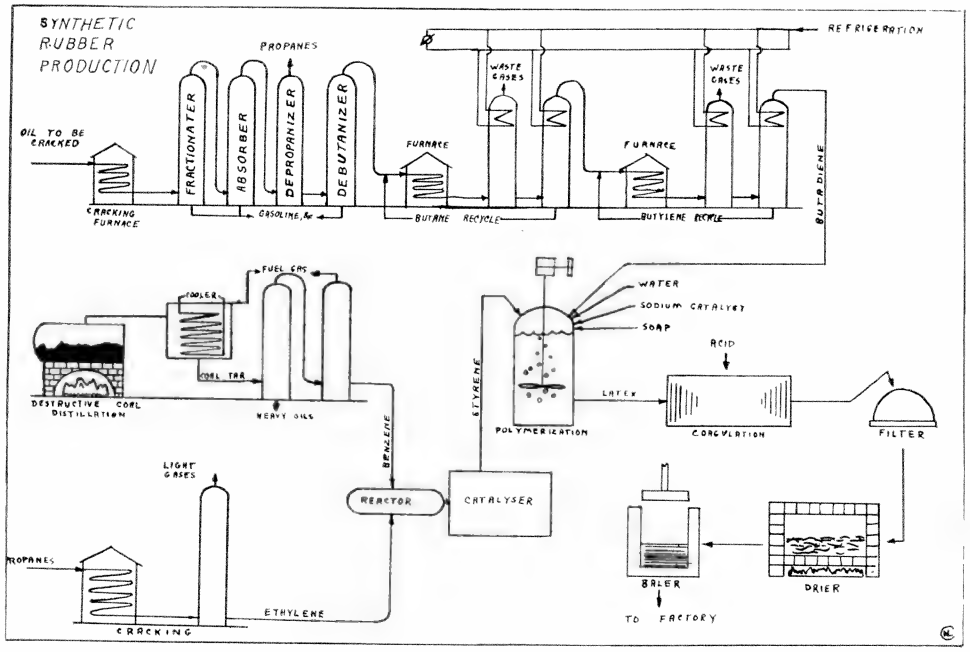
Miss Howden: Gice me a sentence using "bewitches."
K. MacDonald: You go on ahead. I'll bewitches in a minute.

* * * *

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the flea, "let us fly,"
Said the fly "let us flee,"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

SCIENCE

SYNTHETIC RUBBER



EVERYONE has seen rubber. It is used on automobile tires, shoes and boots, waterproofing of many sorts, gasproofing, bearings, and many places where resistance to fluids, shock absorbing qualities, resiliency or elasticity, together with tensile strength is required. Even before the war though, it was found that ordinary rubber fell down on the job in many cases. Just one example was the tendency to rot when in contact with gasoline. This was especially bad on hose for gasoline pumps.

In order to counteract this, men of science began experimenting with rubber, but found that nothing they could do seemed to help. Then they tried another method, that of making a substance that would have the desired qualities of this rubber, but would not be rubber itself. Thus came one of the first good synthetic rubbers, "Thiokol."

Over in Germany, one A. Schiklegrüber had become worried by the lack of many natural resources in the Vaterland. Not the least of these was rubber. He accordingly set his chemists to work, and with German thoroughness, they turned out the best synthetic rubber to date, unless a better one has not been released to the public. This was the well-known "Buna S," which had a mate, "Buna N."

Early in 1942, when our Malayan and East Indies' sources of rubber were cut off, British and American chemists had

to work out a synthetic rubber for themselves. They learned the secret of "Buna S," and proceeded to make use of it themselves. To top it off, they invented several other types, the best of which appears to be "Butyl."

Because these two are supposed to be made here in Sarnia, it might be well to know a little more about them. It must be remembered, though, that these are only type processes, and may not be the ones used here at all.

Both "Buna S" and "Butyl" have for their raw materials crude oil or coal. In the thermal cracking of heavy oils, (breaking them by heat and pressure into lighter molecules, like gasoline), certain gases are given off, which were formerly wasted. Much of these gases were made up by the "C^4" gases, butane, butylene and butadiene. These are now separated, and the heavier butane and butylene again cracked into Butadiene, a gas used in the production of both "Butyl" and "Buna S."

The other component of "Buna S" is styrene (ethylene benzene). It is a liquid made from ethylene and benzene. These substances can be obtained from an oil refinery, or from the destructive distillation of coal, and the fractionation of the coal tar obtained. The benzene and ethylene are put in a reacter, where they form ethyl benyene, which is then passed over a catalyst, and comes out as styrene.

The process of making the synthetic rubber itself is called polymerization. To make "Buna S." three parts of butadiene are mixed with one part of styrene in an autoclave, which is like a big washing machine. Sodium catalyst, soap and water are added, and the batch mixed thoroughly. The resulting milky "latex" is coagulated with acid. On filtering, the rubber now looks like dried raisins. It is completely dried, pressed in a baler, and the completed synthetic rubber sent to a factory, where it is turned into tires, or hose, or some other article.

The other component of butyl rubber is isobutylene. This is obtained by fluid, or catalytic, cracking of butane. In fluid, or catalytic, cracking, a catalyst is used, instead of high pressure, to break up larger molecules. About ninety-eight parts of isobutylene to two parts of butadiene are polymerized to make butyl rubber. Butyl rubber has its greatest use in tires, for it has great tensile strength, excellent resistance to sunlight and flex-cracking, and fairly good resistance to abrasion and aging. "Buna S" is a very good all-around rubber, better than ordinary rubber in most properties, excepting two outstanding ones—elasticity and rebound.

Certain other synthetic rubbers are specialized—that is, they may be made especially resistant to gasoline, or electrical conductors, or have some other property developed. None have yet been made with so much "bounce" as real rubber. It is really too soon yet to judge synthetic rubbers, because the industry is still in its infancy. It has a great future, however, and will remain with us after the war. The charactertistic of synthetic rubbers that is most outstanding is that none of them are rubber, and many are very unlike rubber in their structure. Their very name then, synthetic "rubber," is a misnomer. This, however, is the least of the synthetic rubber manufacturers' worries. Here is an industry to watch.

—N. LUND, 5-A.

SULFA DRUGS

SHORTLY after the turn of the century, an unknown student named Gelmo, was experimenting with dye compounds at the Vienna Institute of Technology. While working on a coal tar derivative, he made up a white powder, which he called sulfonamide. Little did this obscure man realize that the results of his experiment, a strictly commercial venture, would some day form the basis for

what is known as the "Miracle of the Sulfa Drug" and save millions of lives.

In 1906, the giant German industrial trust T. G. Farben employed the Gelmo compound in their many plants to dye fabrics. For the Germans it was a great money-making invention for a number of years. And so, on shelves in German factories went the precious bottles of Gelmo's dye compound. It was not until the early thirties that the Farben chemists started experimenting with their dyes for medical purposes.

In 1932, a Dr. Foerster informed a group of medical students meeting at Duesseldorf, that a dye, which contained student Gelmo's compound, had been used to cure a child of deadly blood-poisoning. The Germans did not realize what a magnificent drug they had stumbled on. It remained for the French bacteriologist, Levaditi to find that the original Gelmo compound—henceforth called sulfanilamide—was the most valuable medical part.

In 1936 Levaditi's research was studied in London and in 1936 sulfanilamide was first used for the prevention of death from childbed fever. Later that same year, sulfanilamide was used for the first time on this continent, in the United States—with amazing results—during an emergency operation for a ruptured appendix.

In 1941 the drug was first manufactured on a large scale. Several derivatives were uncovered and to the medical profession and then to the world, the story of sulfa drugs was told. With a world at war, its increased manufacture became a national necessity.

If a soldier was wounded in the muck and mud of France, during the First World War, he faced the possibility that, before he would be picked up by stretcher bearers, he might suffer gangrene—blood-poisoning in his wound. To-day, every American soldier carries a dozen seven and one-half grain tablets of sulfanilamide in his pack. If he is wounded he will take two tablets and then two every three hours until he is picked up. Blood-poisoning wlil be defeated before it has a chance to set in.

This drug is used in factories where industrial accidents occur. to sterilize wounds through internal or external application. This cuts down man-hour loss and results in a speed-up of needed war material to our forces overseas.

Among the major ailments and accidents, in which fatalities have been considerably reduced by sulfa drug treatments, are pneumonia, strep throat, spinal meningitis or brain fever, erysipelas, industrial accidents, military accidents, scarlet fever, kidney infections and inflammatory ear diseases.

On the home front and in battle, the life of every citizen is better protected to-day, because of the "Miracle of the Sulfa Drug." And so, it was an unknown scientist in Vienna, in a land then free—who started a chain of events that will save millions of lives.

—ELAINE GRAY, 10-D.

THE TORPEDO

THE torpedo is a movable, usually self-propelled case containing explosive, used against shipping. The earlier torpedoes were really mines and were just planted in the water. The modern torpedo was developed by Whitehead, followed by Schwartzkopf in Germany. Its shape is long and cylindrical, with pointed ends, the posterior having a longer and sharper taper in accordance with true streamlining. From the front of the aluminum-bronze body project prongs or firing pins, and from the rear the horizontal and vertical rudders, and the twin propellers. Attached to the nose is a device for cutting through torpedo nets.

Internally, there is the explosive, gun-cotton or T.N.T., fired by a detonator in connection with the firing pin, then the storage tank of compressed air for propulsion. The air engine, usually of three cylinders, is arranged radially around the

crankshaft, driving the concentric propellers, of right and left hand pitch in opposite directions through gearing. Lateral direction is maintained by a gyroscope, and also operating the rudders. The depth is maintained by a diaphragm, sensitive to water pressure.

The torpedoes are mainly the weapon of the submarines, but are fired from vessels of low freeboard, from deck tubes, by means of compressed air. Larger surface vessels use submerged tubes, with an automatically extending shield to protect the torpedo from the wash of the ship's motion till it is clear of the side. As it leaves the tube, the engine is started by a trigger. The introduction of heating devices for the air on its way to the engine, thus counteracting the heat loss, caused by expansion, has resulted in an increase of range and speed. The torpedo, essentially the weapon of the destroyer and the submarine, is the most deadly foe to large surface ships, and can only be avoided by rapid steaming and frequent change of course. So far, the torpedo, which has been projected mainly by the submarine, has been used effectively and critically against us with great losses in merchantmen; but it was a torpedo which crippled the great German battleship, the Bismarck, and our own submarines haven't been inactive, although they haven't been given the praise that they so justly and rightly deserve.

Last, but not least, the torpedo is now being fired from a plane which has been used etxensively with great success against us when the Prince of Wales and the Repulse were sunk and by us, when the Bismarck was sent to a watery grave. This is being improved by our engineers and designers, although the method is far from being perfect. In conclusion, the torpedo has been used and is going to be used greatly in this conflict and it may decide the fate of our Allies and eenemies in this struggle.

—*Tom* Moore, 13-A.

A NEW PROCESS

CRUDE oil is a hydrocarbon with a very complex structure. In order to change the structure and obtain a more usable hydrocarbon, it is necessary to apply heat and high pressures, or "crack" it. Catalysts are substances which hasten, but take no part in, a reaction. Using these, it is possible to lower the temperature and pressure, and yet have the reaction take place.

Catalysts used in "cracking" oil usually become coated with carbon, and it is necessary to make halts to clean or change catalysts. A new process that is continuous has been developed.

Instead of passing the oil vapours through a chamber containing the catalyst, the catalyst, in the form of a fine powder, is mixed with the vapour. The mixture is forced through small holes into a chamber where the temperature is about 500°C. The oil is "cracked" immediately, and the mixture moves on. The catalyst, covered with carbon, is separated from the oil vapours and the carbon is burned off. The catalyst is cleaned and goes to a storage chamber where gravity feeds it through a valve into a pipe line. It is mixed with oil vapours again, and the cycle is completed.

The "cracked" oil is sent through the regular fractionating towers to obtain the usual products. There are several of thes plants in the United States, producing 100 octane gasoline and ingredients for explosives and synthetic rubber. The key to the process is the secret and expensive catalyst.

Gasoline which has 78 octane rating is used for airplanes if 100 octane gasoline is not available. Less of the more powerful gasoline will enable planes to carry larger bomb loads, and fly longer distances. After the war, cars will be able to make use of this fuel, and will run more miles to the gallon.

—G. Murphy, 13-B.

PLASMA AND THE BLOOD DONOR

IT HAS been said that from all human catastrophes come results which prove beneficial in some ways to humanity. This war is no exception, and no greater good has come from its destruction than the inception of blood donor clinics.

Just a few years ago blood donor clinics were thought of as a scientific fad. The new Russia of to-day was probably the first advocate of their usefulness and has helped guide them to their present importance. The exact value of the blood donor clinic will never be fully realized but we can be sure that it has saved and will continue to save innumerable lives.

In modern warfare the importance of fire as a means of killing has been recognized. When bombing planes drop their cargoes on enemy targets, their bombs and incendiaries are not only for the destruction of property but also for the destruction of human lives by fire. In civilian life, fires like the late Boston fire and the Newfoundland fire show the havoc this destructive element can play amongst humanity.

Here in the treatment of these burned victims has been found another use for the blood donor clinic. Everyone knows of the use of blood plasma on the wounded, and the lives saved. In the case of these burned victims, plasma again steps in to save lives. In the case of a burn victim, the real danger lies not in the burn itself but in the shock that inevitably accompanies it. This shock is an ever-present threat to life and if not attended to may result in primary shock developing into secondary shock, which may cause loss of life. In the Boston fire it was all too plain that the reflect of shock in preference to the attending to actual burns resulted in the loss of considerably more lives than otherwise would have been the case. Most doctors realize the fact that in treating a patient's burns first, the burns themselves may be medically perfect, but while treating them the patient may have died of shock. In overcoming the threat of shock, plasma injections have proven to be life-savers.

Before the treatment of these burns are dealt with a discussion of the operation of blood donor clinics would perhaps prove enlightening. Here in our city we have one of the thirty-seven blood donor clinics in Canada. Every Saturday morning, approximately one hundred men and women turn out to donate three-quarters of a pint of their blood in this humanitarian cause. The whole procedure is simple and the donor actually enjoys his minor operation. The routine is simple and combined with the efficiency and friendliness of the staff of doctors and nurses, all of whom are giving freely of their time; they make the donor's visit a pleasant one. After filling out a form dealing with personal statistics and having the pulse count and temperature taken, the donor fills out another chart containing a history of his physical condition. The recording of the blood pressure comes next, after which the donor is well on his way. Follows quickly the small pin prick in the patient's finger-tip and the withdrawal of several drops of blood, which are put on a small glass slide. This blood is then tested for haemoglobin content and typed. With all examinations complete the donor enters the actual room where the blood is given. Up on a high cot the donor lies down and bares the right arm. A doctor injects the needle into an artery and the blood begins to flow downward into a special flash. The donor is constantly watched by a nurse, who may ask the donor to open and close the palm of the right hand so as to aid the flow of blood. When the three-quarters of a pint of blood is given, the needle is withdrawn, the small wound cauterized, and the donor is ready to continue on his way, after some light refreshments. With the donor and the blood parted, the blood goes on its way to save human lives. It is stored away and shipped to Toronto,

where, by centrifugal force, the red and white corpuscles in the blood are separated from the golden plasma, which is really the life-saving element of blood. There the plasma is dried in huge "sausage skins," hermetically sealed in glass flasks and sent to our armed forces or stored at home for civilian needs. When the time comes for using it, the plasma is re-solutionized and is as good as the plasma now in our bodies.

Having discussed the collection and preparation of the plasma, we are in a position to study its importance in saving the lives of burn victims. In such cases shock is caused by the great loss of blood plasma, which may amount to as high as two or three quarts. When such cases arise, the plasma from the blood donor clinics comes to the rescue, with at least one advantage over a direct blood transfusion in that it can be administered without regard to the patient's blood typing, fifty cubic centimetres of plasma being used for every one percent of body surface burned. In a burn, plasma seeps from the blood vessels and comes to the surface where it is extruded. After the shock has been overcome the burns may be antiseptically dressed, as the plasma aids in protecting the burn, and the patient is soon on the road to recovery.

As the war progresses the number of lives saved by plasma increases as does the number of blood donor clinics and donors, testimony as to the increasing importance of this new phase of medicine. How far it will advance no one can foretell, but it has aided and will continue to aid humanity in a safer and better world to come.

—PERCY V. GLADDY, 12-A.

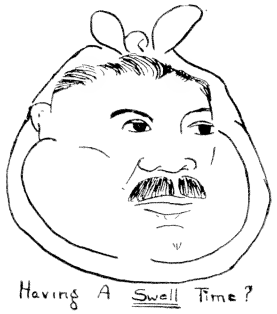
DATE BUREAU

ATTENTION LADS

She's lonesome — 2559-W
Youth on Parade — 1414-R
Happy Go Lucky — 1491-R
Two Smart Girls — 1900 M
Quiet as a Mouse — 2135-W
She's Got What It Takes — 3464

ATTENTION LASSIES

Mr. Five by Five — 2435-W
Bachelor at Heart — 516-R
He's a Killer Diller — 1253-J
Answer to a Maiden's Prayer — 2428-J
I Wish I Was Single Again — 1446
That Little Whizz — 1677-W



* * * *

Bud—Give me a ticket for New York.
Agent—Do you wish to go by Buffalo?
Foreman—Certainly not—by train.

Honour Roll

OF EX-STUDENTS OF S. C. I. & T. S.



EDITOR — RUTH JARVIS

This interim Honour Roll contains the names chiefly of more recent pupils of the school. Lack of time has prevented a more thorough survey. It is intended that this present list shall form the basis for a later and permanent Roll which will, of course, include graduates of earlier years from both the present and the former school.

F. C. ASBURY

†Denotes Dead or Missing.

Addie, Alfred
Addie, Gilmour
Addie, Russell
Aherne, Nancy
Aiken, Donald
Aiken, Douglas
Aiken, Ross
Albert, A.
Allan, Jack
Allan, John
Allen, Bill
Allen, Roy
Allingham, Jim
Almey, John
Ambroise, Carmen
Anderson, E.
Anderson, John
Anderson, Iber
Anderson, Ross
Andrew, George
†Andrew, Wm. C.
Archer, Bernard
Archer, Jack
Arnold, Bill
Arnold, Jim
Arnold, Ralph
Arnold, Ross
Asbury, David
Atchison, Ross
Atkin, J. Roy
Atkinson, Richard
Atyeo, Gene
Austin, Donald
Backman, Harold
Baird, D. R.
Baker, Ross
Bakie, Mary
Banks, Ernest
Banks, J. K.
Bannister, Bob
Bannister, Lorne
Barbaze, Mike
Barclay, Harwood
Barnes, Wm.
Barret, Bruce
Barr, B.
Barr, R.
Barr, Wm.
Barry, Allan
Bayduck, John
Bazely, Jack
Beattie, T.
Beatty, Wm.
Beel, Bob
Bell, W. H.
Bell, Joe
Belton, Jack
Belton, William
Bennet, John
†Berger, Max
Berry, Jack
Berry, James
Berry, Tom
Blain, Jim
Blanchard, Rudolph
Blake, Chas.
Blake, Cecil
Blake, Ed. R.
†Blondin, Charles
Bloomfield, J.
Bolton, H. J.
Bolton, Jack
Bolton, Lloyd
Bonner, Frank
Boody, Gordon
Borchardt, Hugo
Bradd, Stuart
Brain, W. Harold
†Brakemen, Clemence
Brander, L.
Bray, John
Brent, James
Bright, J. R.
Broadbent, Angus
Browne, Joan
Brooks, Donald
Brooks, John
Brooks, M.
Brown, Albert
Brown, Arthur
Brown, Bernard Ed.
Brown, Bill
Brown, G.
Brown, Austin J.
Brown, Joe
Brown, K.
Brown, Norm.
Brown, Mac.
†Brown, Paul
Brown, Russel
Brown, W. G.
Brydon, Stewart
Buchner, Wm. N.
Burkholder, Alvin
Burkholder, Verne L.
Bulman, Ted
Burleigh, Wm.
Butler, James C.
Burtler, Pat. T.
Burgess, John M.
Burgess, Norma
Burgess, Willard
Burgess, George
Burke, David
Burleigh, Lloyd W.
Burr, K.
Burr, Maurice
Burr, Ralph
Burr, Stanley
Buxton, Kenneth
Callister, Herbert
Cameron, Betty
Cameron, Bill
Campbell, Archie
Campbell, Stanley
Campbell, Eed

Caren, George
Cares, Eugene
Carlton, S. G.
†Carlton, Wm.
Carr, J.
Carr, Jas. C.
Carr, Russel
Carr, Stuart
Carson, Stuart
Carter, Wm.
Cathcart, Robt.
Cameron, Howard
Chalmers, Lov.
Chambers, R. E.
Chambers, Shirley
Chappell, Jack
Chappell, Melville H. C.
Chappell, Fred D.
Chivers, E. C.
Church, William
Church, Jack
Churcher, Edna
Clarke, Chas.
Clarke, Marguerite
Clark, Ross
Clarke, T.
†Clarke, William
Clark, Jack
Clark, Reg.
Clatworthy, Donald L.
Clatworthy, Frederick W.
Clift, Allen
Clift, Tom
Clunie, Jack
Claxton, Walter
Clysdale, Ivan
Cocks, Greg
Cook, Alex
Cook, Charlie
Cook, Ivan
Cook, Ken
Cook, Ross
Cooke, Claire
Coolledge, Clarence
Coleman, Harold
Coleman, Linden
Coleman, Wesley
Colotelo, John
Colotelo, Nick
Collins, Patricia
Conn, Henry
Conway, Adam Edward
Copeland, James
Corbett, James T.
Coulter, Robt.
Cowley, Roy
Coveney, Raymond
Cox, Robert
Crabbe, Herbert
Craig, John
Craig, Leslie
Craig, Max
Craig, William
Crane, Betty
Crammer, Donald
Crammer, William
Crone, Elizabeth Jean
Cronin, Victor
Crosby, Bruce R.
Cunningham, J. E.
Curran, J. F.
Curry Bob
Curtin, Harry
Dagg, Calvin
Dagg, Kinsley
Dailey, Ray
Darrach, Neil
Date, Harry
Date, John
Davidson, Frank
Davidson, George
Davidson, Thos.
Davies, Ted
Daws, Fred
Delderfield, Bob
Denomy Garnet
Dennis, Howard
Dennis, Wilfred
Demeray, Donald
Demeray, Lloyd
Demeray, Norris L. B.
Depew, Jack
Dickenson, E. A.
†Drinkwater, John W.
Dobbins, Norman
Dobson, Gordon E.
Dodds, M.
Doherty, Thomas
Doohan, James
Doohan, Wm. P.
Dove, Neil
Dowding, Harry
Duncan, Reid
Duncan, Stewart
Dunford, Leonard
Dunford, Johnny
Durance, Allan
Durance, Gordon
Durance, Jason
Durance, Kenneth
Durrant, Wm.
Durnford, L. E.
Durban, J. A.
Doyle, R. E.
Dybale, R. H.
Easheast, Robert
East, Albert
Egan, Joseph
Ehman, Saul Lemual
Ellenor, Mac
Elliot, Arthur
Elliot, Thomas
Ellis, Delmar
Eloridge, C.
Esser, Catherine
Evans, John
Evans, K.
Everingham, Raymond
Evers, Herbert
Evers, J. F.
Ewener, William
Falconer, Jack E.
Farner, Dick
Farner, Hugo
Fellos, Gerald
Ferguson, Bill
†Ferguson, Lorne
Ferris, Fred
Fielding, E. L.
Finan, Ewart
Finch, Robert
Finnegan, Don.
Firth, Robt.
Fisher, Jack
Fisher, Keith
Fisher, William
Flavell, Albert
Fleming, Roy
Fletcher, William
Forbes, Bruce
Forbes, Fred
Forbes, John
Fordyce, Geo.

Fordyce, Gordon W.
Fordyce, John
†Foster, Charles
Foster, George
Foster, Marie
Foster, Norman
Fowler, Harold
Fowlie, John M.
Fox, Charles
Fox, Tom
Fraser, Alex
Fraser, Don
Frame, Charles
Frame, Fred
Frasce, Morris
Frenkowski, Phil
Fulkerson, Neil
Fulton, Alex
Gallaway, Edgar
Galloway, Harry
†Galloway, Lloyd
Galloway, C. G.
Gamble, Bill
Gammon, Bud
†Gammon, Rex
Gardiner, Clifford
Gander, Art
Gardiner, Gordon
Gardner, Marvin
Gardner, Roger
Garret, Jack
Garret, James K.
Garret, John M.
Gates, Bob
Gates, Dick
Garvey, Tom
Gawdunyk, Nicholas
Gawdunyk, William
Gill, Lawrence
Gillson, Bruce
Gilson, Robert
Gillespies, Ken
Gilbert, Thomas
Giffin, Donald
Gibson, Murray
Gifford, Russell
Gibb, John N.
Glass, Charles
Glass, Jack
Glass, Joe
Glass, William
Glenn, Ross
Goldring, Don
Goodall, Jack
Gordon, C. C.
Goring, Lloyd
Goring, Lyle
Gough, George
Gould, James
Graham, James
Graham, John
Graham, Tom
Graham, Willard
Grant, Donald
Greason, Donald
Gray, Wilfred
Greenwood, W. E.
Greer, Edward
Grieve, Jack
Griffith, Arthur
Gunn, Stuart
Gutteridge, Bob
Gutteridge, Tom
Haddon, Oliver
†Haggarty, Francis
Haines, Henry
Haley, J.
Hale, Valerie
Haley, Pete
Haliday, Herbert
Hall, Lawrence
Hallam, Donald
†Hallam, Jack
Hamilton, Allan
Hammet, Bob
Hanely, D. W.
Haney, W. C.
Hanley, Robinson
Hardy, A.
Hardy, Tom
Harborne, Don
Harkas, Nick
Harkas, Pete
Harkins, Gorden (Ted)
Harris, Donald
Harold, B.
Harris, George
†Harris, Jack
Harris, Leslie
Harris, Michael
Harris, Robert
†Harris, Victor
Harris, William
Harrison, Gordon
Harrison, Fred
Harrison, James
Hart, Ronald
Haskey, Paul G.
Hathaway, Howard
Hayes, A. M.
Hayes, Bill
Hayes, John
Hazerty, Frank
Healey, Ken
Healey, Thomas
Heffron, Richard
Heller, Morris
Heller, Reuben
Hemstreet, Francis
Henderson, Douglas
Henderson, Stuart
Henderson, Harvey
Hemstreet, Jack
Hemstreet, Martin
Henry, Howard
Hewitt, Fred
†Hewitt, John
Hill, Bob
Higgins, Wm.
Hill, Fred
Hill, Robert
Hillier, Cecil
Hillier, Fred
Hillier, Ivan S.
Hillier, Lloyd
Hillier, Wilfred
Hipple, Lyle
Hobbs, Howard D.
Hodgins, Arnold
Hodgins, C. E.
Hodgins, Dean
Hollands, Wm. C.
Holleron, Bill
Hoover, Betty
Horley, Wallace
Horley, Floyd
Hossie, Leonard
Houston, K.
Howard, Anne
Hudgson, Cal.
Hueston, Art.
Hueston, Edward
Hueston, Kenneth

Huggins, Don
Hughes, Phyllis
Hummel, R.
Humphrey, Walker
Hunt, D'Arze
Hunter, Colin
Hunter, Carren
Huntley, Jack
Hurst, Howard
Hutchison, Bill
Hutchison, James
Iden, W. J.
Ingersoll, George
Ironside, Russell
Irvine, Walter G.
Isbester, Lelsie
Isbester, Robert J.
Isom, Jack
Jacobs, G. H.
James, Lyol
Jamieson, D. Park
†Jamieson, Roland
Jarvis, Bill
Janes, Douglas
Johnston, Dean
Jennings, Harry
Johnston, Donald
Johnston, Bernard
Johnston, Bruce
Johnston, Harold
Johnston, J. S.
Johnston, Raymond
Johnston, Walter
Jones, Clifford
Jones, Edward
Jones, Herbert
†Jones, Glyn
Jones, Kitchener
Kane, Walter V.
Kapala, William S.
Katyk, Jack
Kay, Stanley
Kee, Ross
Keelan, Ray
Keelan, William
Kellett, Jack
Kelch, Howard E.
Kemp, Fred
Kemsley, E. P.
Kent, Eric
Kent, Roy
Kennedy, E. G.
Kennedy, C. V.
Kennedy, Jack
Kennedy, Kenneth
Kerr, Bill
Kewley, Bill E.
Kilbreath, Bill
Kirk, Lyle
Kirkland, Robert
Knight, Eileen Mary
Knight, Grant W.
Knight, John H.
†Knowles, William G.
Knox, Jean
Knudsen, D.
Knutt, F. A. J.
Knutt, I. J.
Knutt, R.
Kohl, Joe
Kotyk, Alex
Kotyk, John
Kumsky, Fred
La Cource, L. D.
La Fond, L. E.
La Fond, Sherwood
Laidler, Tom
Lambert, Glen Altan
Lang, Wallace
Lasenby, Frank
Lawson, Allan
Lawson, Art
Leach, Norwood
Lee, Tom
Leckie, Edgar S.
Leckie, Lloyd
Leckie, Lyle
†LeGarrie, Hector
LeNeve, Ken.
Legault, Eddie
Le Neve, Lloyd
Lennox, Gordon
Lessard, Frances
Lester, T. K.
Lewis, Jack A.
LeSueur, Richard
LeSueur, Robin
Lindsay, William
Link, Graham
Loandartin, Alex
Loandartin, George
Lockhart, Homer
Lockhart, Owen
Lott, Angus
†Lucas, Eldon
Luckham, Donald G.
Lumby, Marvin
Lumby, Morley
Luther, Kenneth
Macklin, Douglas
Macklin, Neville
Maggs, Frank
Maggs, H.
Manicom, William
Manning, Nadine
Marsden, Fred
Marsh, Robert
Marshman, Jack
Martelle, Lloyd
Martelle, Ward
Martindale, Omer
Mason, Bruce
Mattingly, Thos. G.
Maynard, Glen
Maynard, Owen E.
Mondoux, Albert
Moore, Irwin
Moore, R. K.
Moore, Orville
Moorehouse, Bob
Moorehouse, Don
Moran, Bill
Morford, Fred
Morford, Shirley
Morris, Dwight
Morris, Paul
Morrissey, Irving
Mott, Delmer
Mott, Guy
Mott, J. E.
Murphy, Roy
Murphy, Tom
Murray, Alex
Murray, Bert
Murray, Bruce R.
Murray Donald
Murray, Gordon
Murray, Jack
Murray, Lorrain
Murray, William Austin
Myers, Jack
†Myles, Robert Edwin
MacAdams, Harold

MacDonald, Alen
MacDonald, Wilfrid H.
MacDonald, Harvey
MacFarlane, Donald
MacFarlane, Robert
MacGibbon, Peter
MacIntyre, Robert
†MacGregor, Donald
MacKenzie, Robert
MacKenzie, Dougald
MacKenkie, Gordon
MacKenzie, John C.
MacKenzie, Logan
MacKenzie, William
MacMillan, Archie
MacMillan, Jack
MacMillan, Norman
MacMillan, D. A.
MacKinlay, Douglas
MacLaren, Kenneth W.
Meere, Arthur E.
Meere, Jonothan (Jack)
Meere, Leonard, R.
Mendizabal, Rudolpho
Middleton, Harold
Middleton, Thomas
Menzies, Robert M.
†Miller, David
Miller, James
Miller, Wm.
Millman, Bruce
Mills, Orville
Milsom, Horace
Milne, George
Milne, Ian
Misener, John
†Misener, Paul
Misener, Ralph
Mitchell, D. L.
Mitchell, Linton
McAllister, R. F.
McCart, Jack
McCaw, Bill
McCaw, Bruce
McClaren, Kenneth
McClintock, Lionel
McClintock, M.
McCrie, Bill
McDermid, W. K.
McEwen, Ronald
MacFarlane, Donald
McFadyen, Gilbert
McGeachy, Robert
McGibbon, Peter
McGill, Maurice
McGillivray, Don
McGregor, Donald
McKegney, Ernest
McKegney, James
McKegney, Lowrey
McKegney, Wm. E.
McKelvie, Sam
McKenzie, Bill
McKeown, Douglas
MacKeown, Victor
McKnight, Jas.
McKnight, S.
McLaren, A. G.
McLaughlin, Jack
McLean, Leo
McLean, Bill
McLeod, Janey
McLeod, Tom
McMann, Eleanor
McPhail, Gordon
McPhail, Hugh
McPhee, Jack
McPhail, Roy
McLuenn, Ray
McRae, Leslie
McRury, Dougal
McRitchie, Don
Murphy, Tom
Needham, Ken
Needham, Thomas
Neely, Joe
Neilson, James
†Nelson, Maurice H.
Nelson, Hector
Nelson, Jack
Newell, Robert
Newton, Fred
Newton, John
Nichol, Norma
Nimms, Robert
Norris, Richard W.
Norris, Thomas
Norris, Alex
Nutt, Florence
†O'Connor, Barrie
O'Dell, Norman
Olenuick, John
Olver, Jack
Oliver, J. H.
Oliver, W. R.
Park, Donald
Paisley, N. S.
Paithouski, Nicholas
Palmer, Donald
Palmer, Edward
Palmer, P.
Parker, Harold
Parker, Robert
Parks, Douglas
Parr, Harry
Parrott, Patrick J.
Parsons, Gordon
†Parsons, Ted
Pash, A.
Pass, Helen
Passmore, Murray
Passmore, Wilbur
Pasquan, Frank
Pasquan, William
Paton, Peter
Paul, Frank
Payne, Frank J.
Pearson, Wm.
Pembleton, Ted
Percival, June
Perry, Lyle
Perry, Ralph
Pettitt, Frank
Petitt, Harold
Petitt, Vaughan
Phillips, Frank
Phillips, James
Phillips, Joseph
Phillips, Stewart
Pinkett, Walter
Pippard, Fred
Pippard, George
Pirrie, Joe
Pirrie, John
Pirrie, Roy
Pole, Douglas
Pole, Ross
Porter, Ken
Post, Opal
Paltridge, R.
Powell, Allan
†Powell, Bruce
†Powell, Edward

Powell, Goldie
Pressey, R.
Price, George
Pryor, Howard R.
Prendergast, Wallace
Prettie, Howard
Pringle, Dale
Proctor, Betty
Pullman, Robert
†Quinn, Jas.
Rae, Robert
Ramsay, Melvin
Ramsay, Robert
Randall, Arthur
Randall, Ken.
Rankin, John
Reed, Howard
Reid, William
Reese, Bill
Reeves, Madeline
Reid, Alex.
Rice, K. LaVerne
Richard, Charles
Richardson, Thomas
Rick, Walter
Riddock, Jessie
Ridealgh, B. Alleen
Rintoul, Keith
Ritchie, Malcolm
Robb, Jack
Robbins, George
Roberts, Kenneth
Roberts, Lyle G.
Robertson, Marguerite
Robertson, Harry
Rodey, Douglas
Rollo, William
Root, Helen
Rose, Donald
Rose, A. John
Rose, Harold
Rose, William
Rosen, Al
Rosenbloom, Earl
Rosebugh, Glen
Ross, Claire
Ross, William
Ross, Douglas
Ross, E. T.
Ross, K. J.
Ross, Howard
Ross, R. L.
Round, Sam
Ruberry, W. N.
Rutherford, Don
Rutherford, Ian
Rutter, Albert V.
Sabowin, Charles A.
Sadleir, Charles
†Sadoquis, George
Sands, Charles
Sands, John
Sayman, Howard
Scharf, Bev.
Scarrow, Ray
Scarrow, Robert
Schaefer, Junior
Schreiber, Fred
Scott, Bruce D.
Scott, Don
Scott, N. L.
Scott, N. A.
Scott, Thomas
Seager, Frederick
Seeley, Jack
†Shanks, Jim
Shaw, Bert
Shaw, Bill
Shaw, Robt. A.
Sheehy, Frank
Shirley, Jack
Shortt, Chester
Short, James
Sima, Andrew
Simmons, James P.
Simpson, Field
Simpson, Jim
Simpson, P.
Singleton, Leonard
Sisson, Ken.
Skelton, Arnold
Skelton, Jimmy
Skosov, Morris
Sleeth, Trevellyn
Sloane, Wm.
Smith, David
Smith, Donald
Smith, Ellory
Smith, George
†Smith, A. Gordon
Smith, Jack
Smith, James
Smith, James D.
Smith, James G.
Smith, Lloyd
Smith, Lyle
Smith, Ralph B.
Smith, Shirley
Southcombe, Wm.
Sovay, Len
Sparling, J.
Spearman, Alvin
Stanlake, Gordon
Stanlake, Kenneth
Stauffer, Douglas
Stauffer, Verne
Steinman, Delmer
Steinman, Earl
Stenman, Irving
Stephenson, Bruce
Stephenson, Vaughn
Stephenson, Ken.
Stevenson, Bruce
Stevenson, Joe
Stevenson, Yvonne
Stewartson, Don
Stewart, James W.
Stewart, Howard
Stirrett, Frank
Stirling, Hugh J.
Stokes, Edward S.
Stokes, Sam
Stone, George
Storey, James
Storey, Stanley
Stover, Charles H.
Stoner, Wayne
Strachan, James
Street, Robt.
Stronach, James
Stubbs, Bill
Stuart, Thomas
Stuart, Walton
Such, Bert
Suhler, John
Sutherby, James
Swartz, Irving
Sutherland, Les.
Sykes, Ross
Taylor, Don
Taylor, Gordon R.
Taylor, Murray
Telfer, Irvin

Telfer, Roy
Teskey, Douglas
Teskey, D. C.
Teskey, J.
Teskey, William
Thain, Clare
Thain, Clarke K.
Thain, Jack
Thomas, Stewart
Thompson, A. C.
Thompson, Bruce
Thompson, Bob
Thompson, Cameron
†Thompson, H. F.
Thompson, R.
Thorley, Frederick
Thorner, Carl
Thorner, Harold
Thorner, Jack
Thorner, Robert W.
Thorpe, Bill
Timmerman, Tom
Timmington, Walter
Tobin, Joseph
Tobin, Patrick G.
Tolmie, Duncan
Tracy, James
Tremain, E. R.
Trepanier, B. B.
Trusler, Jack
Turnbull, Bill
Turnbull, Harry B.
Turner, Grant
Turner, Harry
VanHorne, Ken
†Vokes, Miles
Waldeck, E. Jean
Walker, Alvin
Walker, Dave
Walker, E.
Walker, George
Walker, John
Walker, Howard
Walker, L. A.
Walker, Lawrence
Walker, L. R.
Walker, Ross
Walker, Russell
Walpole, Dalt
Walpole, Don
Walter, Fred H.
Walter, Leslie
Walter, R.
Walton, J. Stewart
Ward, Grenville
Watson, Bert
Watson, D. E.
Watson, G. N.
Watson, Neil
Watson, N. M.
Weiss, Jack
Wellington, Harvey
Wellington, Henry
Wessel, Betty
Weston, Ernest
Weston, Haydn
Whitcombe, Geraldine
White, Eugene
Whiting, W. H.
Whitcombe, Geraldine
Whitcombe, Fred
Whitely, Wm.
Wilder, Delbert
Williams, Lloyd
Williams, Wm.
Wilson, Richard
Wiggins, Cameron
Wilcox, Robt. J.
Wilson, Edwin
Wilson, Jack
Willer, John S.
Willer, William D.
Wilson, Robert
Williamson, H.
Withers, Keith
Withers, Lyle
Withers, Orval
Withers, Roy
†Wise, Fred
Woodcock, James
Woodcock, Joseph P.
Woodrow, Charles
Woods, Grenville
Worsley, Hugh
Worsley, Ken
Wray, Mabel
Wright, Elmer J.
Wright, George E.
Wright, J. N.
†Wright, John D.
Wynne, G. P.
Wynne, W. M.
York, J.
Young, Kenneth
Young, Jack
Yukish, Wm.
Zierler, Isaac
Zierler, Isaac B.
Zink, Douglas
Zink, Robert

A LAST TRIBUTE

Silence rules among the school-boys for a hero boy is dead,
And the school is filled with sadness, for his soul from it has fled.

For we knew him in the old days with his smile so true and brave,
But, alas, he now is resting in a hero's honoured grave.

There is mourning in the class-room, there is mourning on the field;
There is mourning in the chapel; in our hearts is mourning sealed.

For he is no more among us, but we pay him tribute still
For his courage and his valour and his honor and his will. F. S.H.



EDITOR—S. RICHARDSON

FRESHETTES RECEPTION

To carry out our traditional ceremones of Freshettes Day, on October sixteenth, we initiated them, to our satisfaction, but woe to them. They were attired in colourful array, with slacks under their cotton dresses and an attractive hair-do, Carmen Miranda style, was arranged on the victim's head. At night the full-fledged juniors went in to their doom and came out laughing. The Nass Mach was played with everyone taking part. Ice cream bars were distributed to the Freshies after their trying ordeal, and so came to the end, the twenty-third Annual Freshettes Reception.

FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

On October ninth the Freshmen were initiated by the Boys' Athletic Society. The boys proved to be a great sensation in their short pants and stockings above their knees, tied with green bows. Another huge green bow adorned the victim's neck.

In the evening the "paddling" and other forms of torture were put into practice, but the Freshies took it all in fun as the good sports they are. After the reading of the solemn pledge and the swearing of allegiance to dear old S. C. I. & T. S., the boys were given refreshments to revive their spirits.

THE AUTUMN FROLIC

On the second Friday in November, the first dance of the school season took place in both the boys' and girls' gymns to accommodate an overflowing crowd. The gyms were patriotically decorated with red, white and blue streamers. This "sweater hop" was sponsored by the Boys' Athletic Executive and music was supplied by a sound system and records. The entire proceeds, a substantial sum, of this highly successful dance were turned over to the Red Cross. Good work, B. A. E., and here's to more sweater hops!

THE AT HOME

The gayest event of the holiday season was the long looked forward to Annual At Home. The gala event took place on the evening of December 28. The gym was attractively decorated with colourful flags, pennants, and red, white and blue streamers.

The tuneful airs of the Plaza Nova Orchestra kept everyone on his toes from nine until one. In accordance with wartime measures, corsages were strictly "taboo."

The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Logie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. O'-Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Billingsley, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury.

Refreshments were served during intermission, following which the Grand March was led by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury.

The committee which made the arrangements is to be congratulated for such a delightful affair. General chairman, Mack McClure; refreshments, Olivia Tozer; decorations, Lachlan MacLean; programme, Shirley Morrison; invitations, Belle Matheson.

THE D. D. C. DANCE

On the eve of February 26, the D.D.C. Sorority dance was held. The colours of the club, wine and gold, attractively decorated the school gym.

The guests were received by Mrs. G. Cole and Mrs. S. Richardson.

A record player, featuring all the "name" bands, supplied the music for an "all out" crowd which danced its cares away.

The proceeds were turned over to the Russian Relief Fund.

CADET DANCE

After the Cadet Inspection on May 29, a gala spring frolic took place that evening in the form of the Annual Cadet Dance. The uniforms of both the cadet officers and former students now on active service were prominent throughout the crowd and formed a lovely setting beneath the red, white and blue streamers.

Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. O'-Donohue, and Mrs. and Mrs. Harold VanHorne.

Music was supplied by Adam Brock and his A.B.C. Rhythmers from nine until twelve.

* * *

Thus the social calendar of dear old S. C. I. & T. S. is brought to a close for another year and we hope that those of the future will be as enjoyable for you as this past season has been for us.

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
It's not because they're funny
But because it's policy.

He held the maiden's hand and said,
"May I the question pop?"
She coyly bent her pretty head ,
"You'd better question Pop!"

Gas is rationed;
Tires are rationed;
Food is rationed, too.
The only thing that isn't rationed
Is the homework we have to do.



EDITOR — ANNE HASKEY

COMMENCEMENT

THE Annual Commencement Exercises this year were held on Tuesday afternoon, December 22, at 2.15 o'clock. Before the program began the Senior Orchestra under the skilful baton of Mr. W. E. Brush, played several delightful seleceions to the body of students, parents, and friends assembled.

Opening remarks were delivered by Mr. Harold D. VanHorne, Chairman of the Sarnia Board of Education, and were followed by a short resume of the year's activities, by Mr. F. C. Asbury.

Samuel Stubbs, Jean Dobbin, and Megan Wynn-Jones shared Upper School honours during the afternoon. Samuel Stubbs won the Albert Mathew's scholarship in foreign languages with a value of $100.00 and free tuition for four years, a total possible value of $700.00; and also the first Carter Scholarship for Lambton County valued at $100.00. Jean Dobbins received a modern language scholarship of $50.00 awarded by the University of Western Ontario with free tuition for two years, a total possible value of $300.00. To Megan Wynn-Jones went the second Carter Scholarship for Lambton County, valued at $60.00. For superior standing in Middle School Examinations Shirley Morrison received the D. M. Grant Scholarship valued at $50:00. Congratulations to the winners!

One new feature of Commencement this year was the awarding of Honour Certificates to those who obtained an average of 75 per cent or better during the year 1941-42. This innovation was an excellent one and should be continued, in the opinion of the student body.

The valedictory address was delivered by Samuel Stubbs, who ably represented the class of 1942. His address proved both interesting and helpful to his fellow-graduates.

Diplomas were given to the graduates of the Collegiate, Commercial and Technical Departments. Rugby this year was limited to House League teams because of the transportation difficulties of wartime. The winners in the four divisions were presented with crests: (1) Senior Grade IX. 9-1; (2) Junior Grade IX. 9-3, 9-5; (3) Grade X T10B; (4) Senior Division 13A, B.

A violin solo by Mitchell Keskanek, and a cornet solo by Don Shanks completed the exercises of the afternoon, as another class of graduates left the old S. C. I. & T. S.

PUBLIC SPEAKING & DEBATING

PARTICIPATION in the W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking Contest was again impossible this year because of gasoline shortages. In spite of this however, there was a lively contest within the school itself, with the following results.

Shirley Morrison won the Walker Bros. Shield as the best Senior Girls' Division speaker, while Robert Philips received the St. Clair Motors Shield, as the best speaker among the Sennor Boys. Among the Junior Girls, Bernice Leckie was first, winning the Harry N. Phillips Shield, and William Osborne, first in thet Junior Boys' Division, received the Neal Baking Company Shield.

Special mention was given to Edra Woolley, the runner-up in the Senior Girls' Division, to William Nash, in the Senior Boys' Division, to Joyce Barton and Elizabeth Rose among the Junior Girls; to Lois Finan, outstanding among the Grade 9 Girls; and to Bill Kirk, in the Grade 9 Boys' Division.

Pat Hartley, as president, ruled the Debating Club this year, under the watchful eye of Mr. Watson, its patron. Meetings were held each week as usual, with the topics varying in levity from "Resolved that the S. C. I. & T. S. should function on an honour system," to "Resolved that the jitter-bug is a menace to society." No wonder that the weekly sessions never fail to be lively ones!



THE GEOGRAPHY CLUB
Back Row—D. Routley, J. Greer, B. Thompson.
Front Row—S. Bissett, M. Cordey, P. Norsworthy, D. Oliver.

OUR GEOGRAPHY CLUB

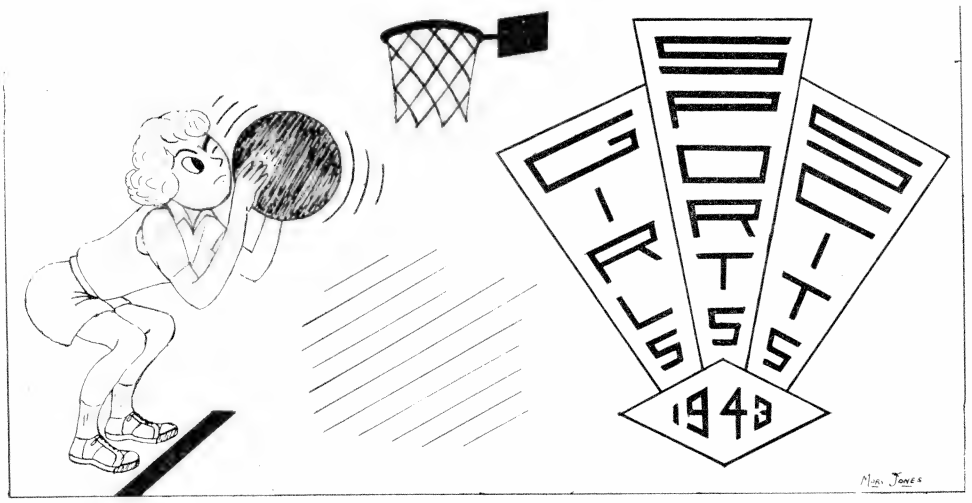
One of the highlights of the Grade Nine programme this year is the Geography Club. This club was formed to promote an active interest in the subject, and has certainly succeeded i ndoing so.

Many educational, war and humorous movies have been shown, and talks have been given by both teachers and pupils.

The officers are:
President—Pat Norsworthy.
Secretary—Myfanwy Cordey.
Executive—Sonia Bisset, Donna Oliver, Jack Greer, Bob Thompson, Arthur Storey and David Routley.

The club meets every second Thursday, and a different member of the executive is responsible for the programme at each meeting.





EDITOR—J. SMITH

THE 1942-43 Girls' Athletic Association was headed by Ruby Crawford at the beginning of the Fall term of school, but Ruby left to take a course at the Business College, so our Vice-President, Catherine Weir, took from her the reins of leadership, under the Honourary Presidents, Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden and Miss Brown. Mary Jones, the secretary, and Isobel Miller, the treasurer, with eight curators form the rest of this active organization.

The curators are:
Swimming—Evelyn Baxter.
Softball—Jane Smith.
Speedball—Laurine Wright.
Badminton—Marie Ward.
Basketball—Mary Margaret Glaab.
Volleyball—Winnifred Cunningham.
Dancing—Dorothea Stewart.
Track and Field—Joan Dauphinee.

This organization keeps the records of the gym work of all the girls and supervises the after-school activities. After the various tournaments they plan a party for the winners in the various divisions, Sr., Int., and Jr. Each member of the winning team receives a crest at the party and the captain is presented with a pennant at the next Assembly by Mr. Asbury. This pennant is kept in the home-room of the team. Due to the difficulay in getting chocolate bars, the G.A.A. had to discontinue the practice that was started last year of sending bars to a school in Scotland. In the Fall term, a few parcels were sent and some very nice letters of appreciation were received from the children who received them. Throughout the latter part of the year, due to the rationing of butter and the fact that many of the sandwiches that are brought to school are as a result, a bit dry, the G.A.A. decided to sell milk to those who bring their lunches. This was greatly appreciated by those people and has been extremely successful. When the profits amounted to twenty-five dollars, it was turned over to the Chinese Relief. Tickets are sold so that the milk may be bought at a lower price than would otherwise be possible. The G.A.A. also helped the war effort by selling War Savings Stamps during the drive for sales sponsored by the food dealers of Canada. They have also helped out during various tag days.

Each year proficiency crests are awarded to the girls who have done the best work in the field of sports. These are given on the final Assembly of the year. Those who won them in 1942 were: Evelyn Aiken, Betty Allingham, Shirley Bates, Evelyn Baxter, Anna Mae Brain, Doris Brent, Joanne Brown, Helen Carmichael, Peggie Christon, Margerite Cruickshank, Betty Cook, Jane Drope,

Frances Elder, Betty Foster, Betty June Gray, Hilda Hardwick, Amy Hayes, Janet Helliwell, Mary Jones, Nancy LeSueur, Jean MacKinlay, Ruth McCracken, Florence McGugan, Isobel Miller, Joan Miller, Peggy Milne, Shirley Morrison, Bernice Mott, Margaret Parker, Shirley Price, Jean Shortt, Margaret Sinclair, Catherine Skerratt, Pauline Slater, Patricia Street, Margaret Sole, Donna Sumner, June Venton, May Walter, Audrey Ward, Catherine Weir, Frances Whitnell, Laurine Wright, Muriel Zink.

The highest and most coveted award that the S. C. I. & T. S. offers to a sports enthusiast is the First "S". Catherine Weir was the winner of this last year. The second "S", won by the girl who has won crests for three years running, was awarded last year to Isobel Miller, Jean Shortt and Fran Elder.



GIRLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row—E. Baxter, M. M. Glaab, M. Ward, Miss Ramsden, Miss Brown, W. Cunningham, J. Smith, D. Stuart.

Front Row—J. Dauphinee, M. Jones, C. Weir, B. Foster I. Miller, L. Wright.

TRACK AND FIELD

Once again the track and field meet was a great success. The boys, not sharing in the enthusiasm that the girls hold for the event in the school year, called off their part in the proceedings but the girls kept right on and in spite of having to hold the event in instalments, taking a little bith from each day, it was a great success.

The Senior championship was won by 11C under the captain, June Venton. Running a close second came 12C whose captain is Joan Dauphinee, and they were followed by 12A with Catherine Weir as captain.

The Intermediate tournament was won by C10C whose captain is M. Sale. Coming second was 10A team with the captain Frances Whitnell. While in third place, with Hilda Hardwick the captain, came C10A.

The Juniors also had a very successful tournament. Coming first, were the 9-10's A team with F. Palmer captain. Second was held by the B team of 9-8 whose captain is D. Turnbaull. Third

place was awarded to the B team of 9-10 with captain S. Smith. 9-10 seems to have copped all the laurels for field day events. Both teams coming in as winners.



TRACK AND FIELD WINNERS

Back Row—M. Beaton, M. Jameison, N. Thompson, M. Abel, W. LeSueur, P. Hartley, B. Moore, J. Cowan, D. Campbell, B. Allingham, E. McPhee, A. Heyes, M. Crouch, S. Storey, D. Ingles.

Middle Row—G. Smith, S. Price, F. Scarrow, A. Beer, Laidlaw, F. McGuggen, J. Lusk A. Ross, S. Bates, W. Hibban, B. G. Smith, P. Pearce, U. Scott, J. Archer, A. Pearce.

Front Row—M. Sing, J. Sweetman, V. Felton, I. Randall, R. Lamb, M. McDonald, F. Palmer, M. Ambrose, H. Laidlaw, L. Elliott, P. Cusack, B. Riddell, A. Scarrow.

BADMINTON AND DECK TENNIS

As usual, the Badminton tournament carried on by the Senior Girls while the Intermediates and Juniors play Deck Tennis, was a great success. Despite the fact that badminton birds were difficult to get due to the war they were batted around with great enthusiasm every night after school for a few weeks during the winter.

The Senior winners under their captain, Anne Haskey, were the 13A-B team. They were followed in second place by the 11A team captained by Jean Shortt. Third place was held by the 12A team whose captain was Betty Foster.

In the Intermediate section, the winners were 10A with captain M. Cruikshank. Next in line was the C10A team with I. Dunham as captain. In third place came the C10C team captained by L. Gibb.

The Juniors, who also played deck tennis, awarded the first place to the 9-10 team. Second place was held by 9-6. In third place came 9-7.



BADMINTON AND DECK TENNIS CHAMPS

Back Row—J. Maitland, M. Emmett, M. Walters, D. Finch, S. Morrison, B. Matheson, M. Trusler, O. Tozer.

Middle Row—E. Rose, B. Friedman, D. Teasel, B. Byrns, M. Schell, B. White, E. Aiken, J. Barton, P. Slater, F. Whitnell, M. Cruickshank.

FRONT ROW—J. Payne, R. Hawley, J. Sweetman, A. Scarrow, I, Randall, J. Mercer, F. Jewitt, D. Holmes, G. Nicholson, R. Lamb, H. Laidlaw, L. Elliott, H. Date.

BASKETBALL

As usual, basketball was the game that commandered the most enthusiasm among the girls. With over twenty-five teams taking an active part in the tournament, it was very successful. The Petrolia team were our guests at the party given for the winners and they won over the up-till-then unbeaten 13A-B team. This exhibition game was enjoyed by all who saw it and games and refreshments ended the evening.

Then Senior tournament was won by the 13A-B team who were undefeated throughout the entire length of the tournament. In second place came the 11C team under the captainship of Joan Cowan. Third place was tied and is yet to be played off between 11A and Special Commercial. The captains of these teams are Joanne Brown and I. Gray respectively.

In the Intermediate section 10A walked off which the honours under the captain Bernice Friedman. In second place came 10D whose captain is M. Lusby. Third place was held by the C10B team with P. Bruner as captain.

In the Junior tournament, 9-8 came first. In second place came 9-10. Holding the laurels of third place was the 9-11 A team.



BASKETBALL WINNERS

Back Row—O. Tozer, M. Trusler, B. Matheson, S. Morrison, D. Finch, M. Walters, M. Emmett, J. Maitland.

Middle Row—E. Rose, D. Teasel, B. Friedman, B. Byrns M. Schell, B. White, E. Aiken J. Barton, P. Slater, F. Whitnell, M. Cruickshank.

Front Row—D. Turnbull, V. Garvin, E. Durley, E. Myles, F. Harley, B. Hopper, P. Dunham, E. Laidlaw, B. Cook, A. Marwick, L. Kocker, S. Noseworthy.

SPEEDBALL

Last fall the campust was the scene of many a bitterly fought battle to see who could get that little ball through the goal posts the oftenest in 20 minutes of play. Members of the 27 teams who competed raced madly up and down the field in the closest game that we girls know to the boys' rugby that they are always so enthused about—of course the girls are nevery very enthused about this rough and tumble sport! At any rate, until the weather broke amid the snow flurries and cold rains of early winter, the tournament kept up a merry pace. Due to the advent of the icy winds, however, the seniors did not finish their games and they will have to be played off in the spring.

Those seniors who are in the playoffs are Special Commercial, C11A, 11A, and 12A. We are expecting their respective captains to get their teams together again so that we can find who the winners are. These captains are: Special—P. Jenken,

C11A—G. Gill, 11A—Betty-June Gray, 12A—Beverley Stone. You've still got some to go, girls!

The Intermediate tournament, however, was finished, and the winners are C10C under A. Paistey in first place, and J. Barton's 10A team second, with F. Wilson's C10C team in third.

The Juniors had their Danish Rounders games in the gym and were quite as enthusiastic as the Seniors. This was won by Shirley Atkinson's 9-6 team. The 9-8's under Marion Walker came in second and 9-11's B team, under Ruth West came in third.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING DEMONSTRATION

Last spring the girls of the S. C. I. & T. S. worked very hard to put on one of the best exhibition performances that has ever been made. They topped their own efforts of the 1939 demonstration. Every physically fit girl in the school took part to make this occasion an event that would always be remembered by those who witnessed it from the grandstand. And hundreds did see it from the grandstand; hundreds who flocked to the Athletic Park to see the daughters of Sarnia show what they could do. Keeping in the pink of condition is doubly important now in these war days when so much demands on keeping healthy and these girls showed how to keep just that way from healthful exercise.

From First Former to the Senior Fifth Formers, they danced and went through their paces in such perfect rhythm that they seemed to be as one unit. There was a special gymnastic group who did some of the more difficult exercises and who had worked doubly hard to get them down to such clockwork precision. Also, a tumbling group showed to the admiring audience the grace that this special work had taught them. All in all, from the first moment when the whole school, clad in the blue rompers and white shoes that are our gym uniform, marched with perfect precision onto the field to the strains of the school band under the direction of Mr. Brush, and formed a huge S. C. I. & T. S. on the field till the grand finale, the Naas March, done by all the girls, the night was a great success and would have made the war lords of Europe envious. To them, you know, this sort of thing is entirely compulsory and the people consider it just a part of the thing called National Socialism. But to these girls who thrilled the crowds that warm night, it was something that they had a great deal of enjoyment out of and were proud of their accomplishment.

To the girls and to their leaders, Miss Ramsden and Miss Brown, whose untiring efforts made the night all that it was meant to be, the cry is "Well done. Keep it up!"



This is the **Tattle-Tale** (that's why he's gray) Gremlin. He's the one that tells on you when you skip.



GIRLS' ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

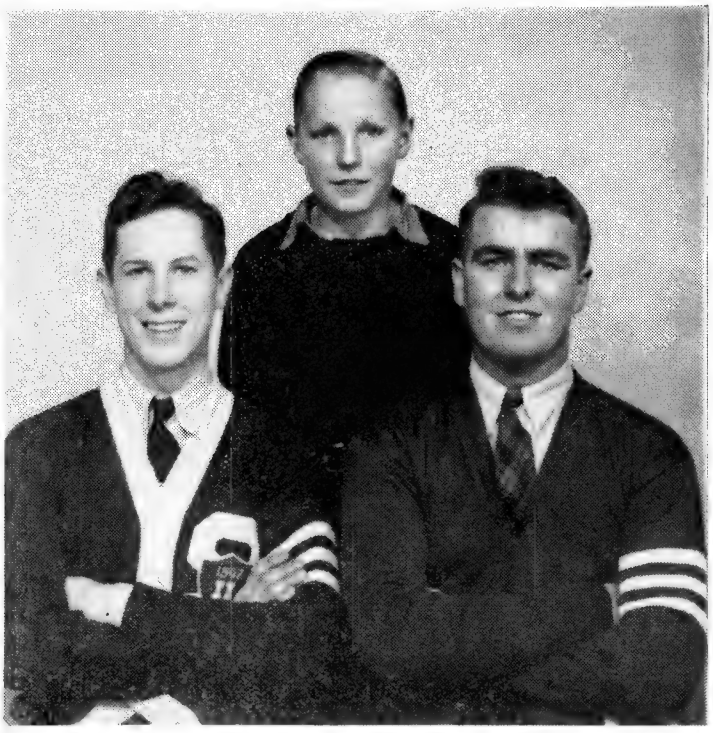
Standing—Catherine Weir

Seated—Jean Short | Evelyn Aiken

BOYS' ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

Standing
D. MacGillivray

Seated
Water Nicholls
George Smith





EDITOR—BILL EHMAN



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row— Lach MacLean, Bill Dawson, Floyd Lantz.

Front Row—Bill Ehman, Jack Leckie, Mr. O'Donohue, Ken Palmer, John Jameison.

INTERFORM RUGBY

The school year 1942-43 was an outstanding success in inter-form sports. Unhampered by the usual Wossa sports, our Interfor mLeagues under the able supervision of Mr. Rogin and Mr. O'Donohue outclassed anything yet seen in this school in House League competition.

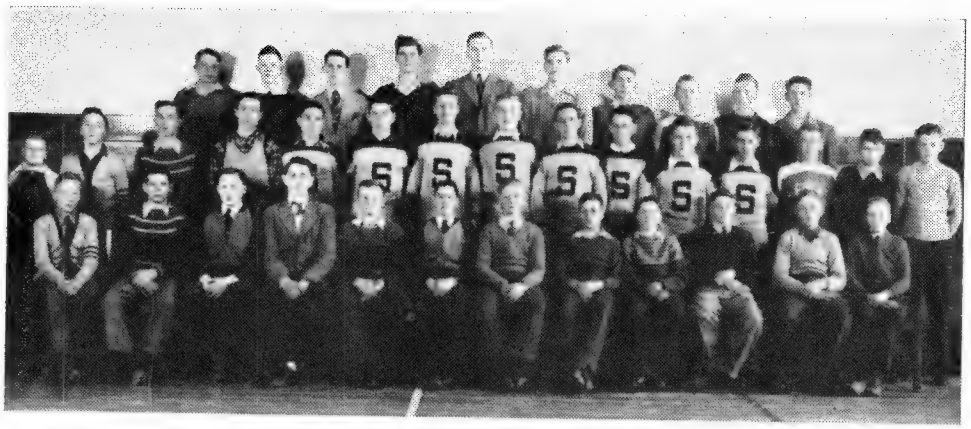
Interform rugby was broadened to take in the Senior boys. In former years interform rugby had been restricted to the Junior boys. However, with all the unused equipment in the school it was decided that the Senior boys should participate and make use of our excellent rugby togs.

The Senior division was divided into two groups. One was composed of the eleventh grade and the other of the twelfth and thirteenth grades. Thirteen AB's after winning over the 12A-B Combines, downed T-11's entry in a fast game.

T10-B defeated all opposition in the tenth grades to cop the laurels in their division.

In order to divide the younger boys in evenly-matched groups, Senior and Junior divisions were made in regard to weight. The Senior Grade IX pennant was brought to Room 101 by the 9-1 Machinists.

The Junior Grade IX league was marked by close competitio nand good sportsmanship. 9-3-5 Combines set back all opposition to win in their division.



INTERFORM RUGBY CHAMPS

Back Row—R. Butler, J. Allen, M. Thorner, G. Murphy, W. Dawson, J. Jamieson, N. Lund, J. Leckie, T. Moore, B. Jacks.

Middle Row—T. Elliott, D. Lewis, R. Brown, R. Lumby, K. Knowles, B. Massey, M. Keat, H. Wierenga, N. Scott, B. Moore, J. Gladwish, D. Ennett, McLellan, Scott, R. Miller.

Front Row—C. Thompson, F. Young, R. Cole, J. Cook, R. Worsley, H. Elliott, W. Pedlar, R. Arbuster, Ingles, J. Groom, Jacques, W. Murraay

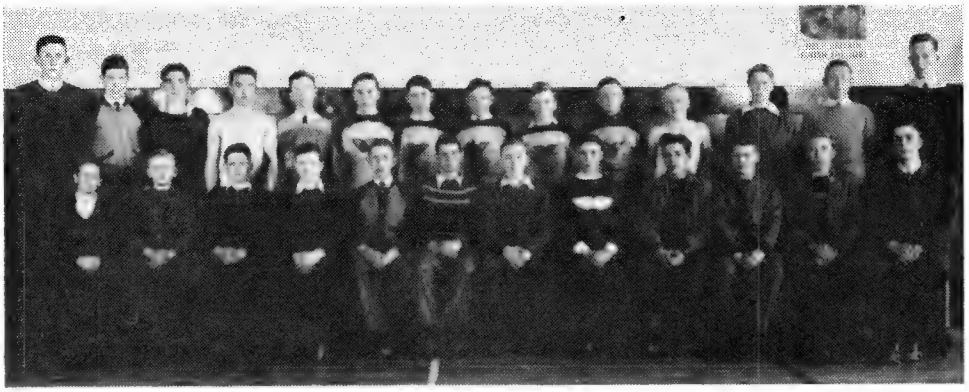
INTERFORM BASKETBALL

Our Interform Basketball League composed of over 250 players had a successful year. A schedule of games was played in the four leagues. The first two teams in each league played a two out of three series to decide the winner. The 9-1 Lions defeated 9-3 Cobras to take their second interform championship of the year. The Senior Grade IX title was won by the 9-3 Tomahawks who downed the 9-5 Commandos two in a row.

In a sensational splurge of points, the Grade X Bulldogs defeated all opposition by scoring 513 points in 12 games for a record in our House League circles. In the playoffs they defeated the Cats in two out of three games.

In the Senior League, 11-C appeared

to have the majority of good basketballers. This can be in no small way due to their daily exercises under Mr. Mendizabal's supervision. They defeated the 11-B Dubs two games straight for the Senior Championship.

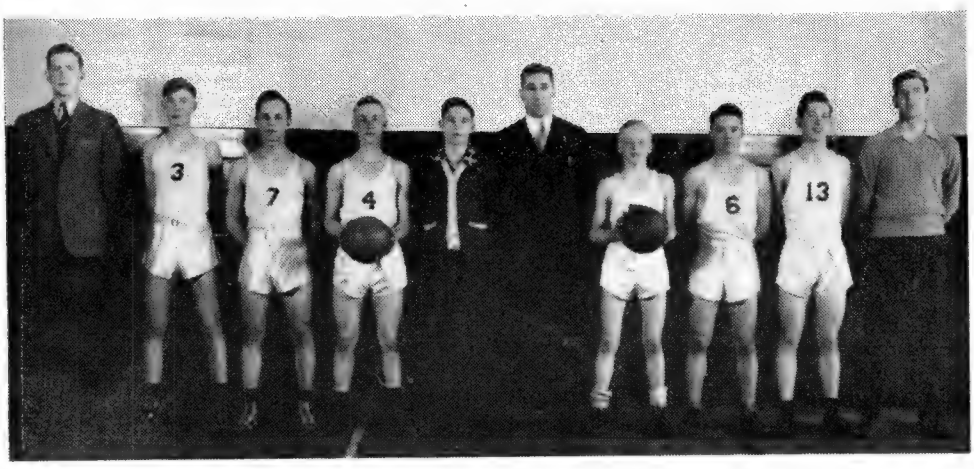


INTERFORM BASKETBALL CHAMPS

Back Row—J. Hackney, Handy, D. Knowles, D. Kilbreath, A. Milner, McLymont, Brennan, E. Springstead, R. McNeil, J. Dayman, W. Moore, Morrison, R. Allan, D. Chato.
Front Row—Archer, Grabove, Haddon, P. McRae, D. Lechie, F. Young, Watson, Buchanan, Dobson, Campbell, Garrison, Ellenor.

ALL STARS vs. PORT HURON

An all-star basketball quintette picked from over 250 interformers defeated Port Huran High Reserves on two occasions. The first game played in our gym was won by the score of 40-34. Playing the return game in Port Huron, our boys won 35-32.



THE "ALL STARS"

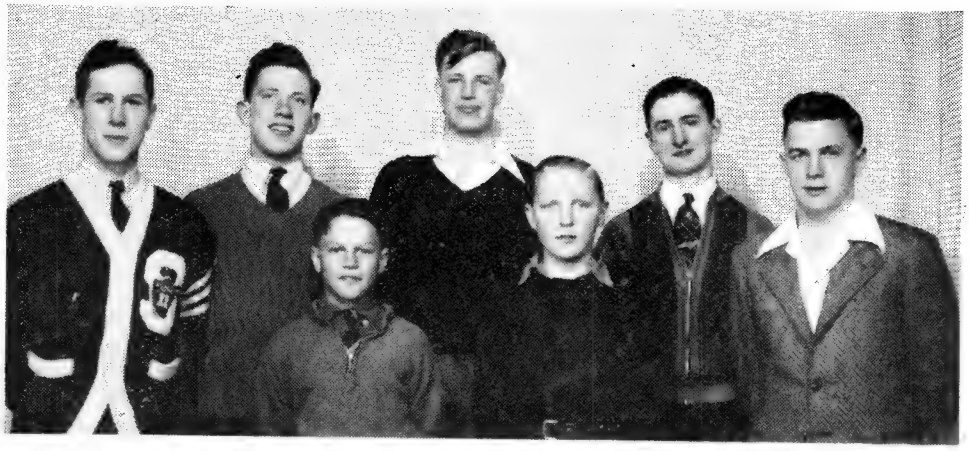
Left to Right—W. Dawson, N. Anderson, L. Gladdy, D. Brown, D. Knowles, Mr. Rogin (coach), W. Moore, D. Kilbreath, R. Galpin, J. Jamieson.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Close competition was seen in both the wrestling and boxing bouts in our Annual Assault. In the heavyweight wrestling, "Junior" Nicholls defeated George Cruickshanks in an evenly-matched bout. Bob Galpin put an unbreakable head-

lock on Eric Yare, last year's champion to win in the 145-lb. class. Johnny Gladwish outclassed Dick Ennett to take the 130-lb. division. R. Bass won the champon's crown by taking a decision from Buchanan in the 118's. Archer floored Simpson in the first round to win the 95-lb. championship.

In the boxing, D. Simpson defeated A. Grabove in the 95-lb. championship. Colotelo was successful over J. Harris to win the 105-lb. class. Gord Hope defeated Fred Dagg to take the 118-lb. division. D. Knowles outsluggged Bob Walton successfully to win the 125-lb. group. Dan Brown hit N. Knowles with everything but the stool to win the 135-lb. crown. In the heavyweights Clare Sutton beat game George Cruickshanks to claim the 160-lb. championship.



BOXING AND WRESTLING TEAM
Back Row—W. Nichols, B. Galpin, T. Haney, G. Hope
Front Row—E. Archer, W. McGillvray, J. Gladwish.

Ex-S.C.I. BASKETBALLER PLAYING IN CANADIAN FINALS

Although the newer members of the school may not recall big Don Hamilton, undoubtedly the older boys and girls will remember his athletic career at the school. He not only starred on all Wossa basketball teams but played no mean role as a rugby player in our inter-school circles.

This is probably old stuff to a lot of us but perhaps many of us don't know that Don really made good as a basketball player outside of our city. His big moment came when he entered the Aeronautical Engineering Department at the Detroit Institute of Technology.

While at D.I.T. Don played for the college team. His ability was noted by the Windsor Patricks, Senior Ontario champions and they acquired his services to play for them in inter-provincial contests. The Patricks with Don's help, no doubt, won the Eastern Canada Championship and advanced into the finals against Victoria R.C.A.F. Although Patricks were eliminated by the Fliers in the final series, Don was a stand-out star in each game.

Those of us who know him and those who don't, all wish him the best of luck. Don really has what it takes.

SHOOTING, 1942-43

There was (as usual, this year, considerable activity on the range. The season began very successfully with the usual "dry" practices. However, the marksmen were then split into two groups—our own school Army Cadets, and the Air Cadets. Thus there were two teams entered into the D.C.R.A. competition. The school team was led by R. Butler and the Air Cadet team by F. Newton. Neither team was especially good because they both had many inexperienced marksmen. Nevertheless many good targets were fired.

We also entered the Royal Military College competition and this time we were more sucessful. No targets under 94 were entered.

As usual the season wound up with the Lord Strathcona competition for the best shot in the school. This consists of 10 shots deliberate, 10 rapid (90 secs.), 5 kneeling and 5 offhand. Fred Newton won this easily with a score of 282 out of a possible 300. Runners-up were Bob Phillips (262) and R. Butler (252).

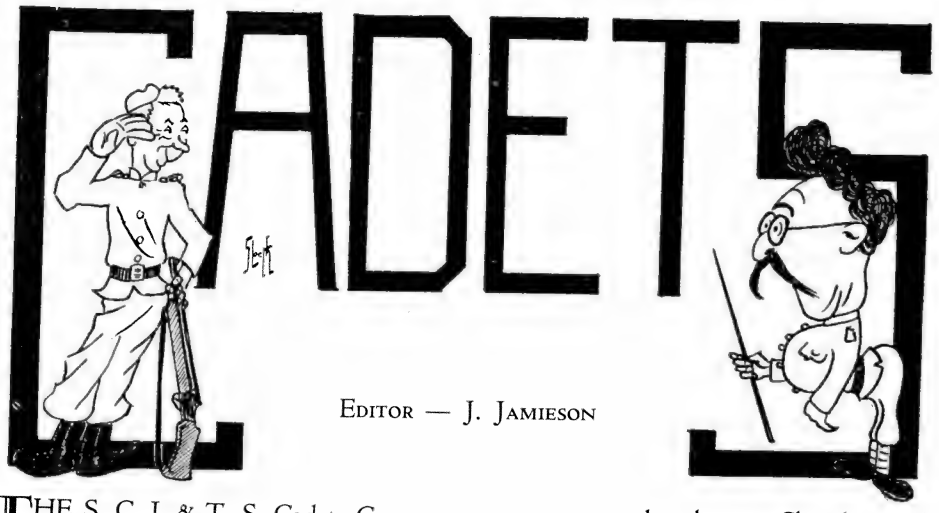
Mr. O'Donohue held classes throughout the season so that every boy was given a chance to shoot. We extend thanks to Mr. Mendizabal for his excellent coaching.



RIFLE TEAM

Front Row—Bob Phillips, Mr. Mendizabal, Bill Dawson, Roger Butler
Back Row—Norm Anderson, Al Keat, Terrance Haney, Tom Kenny, Jack Armstrong
Arnie Aksanen.

Sinclair: Have you heard that good Scotch football song, Harry?
Dawson: Which one? "The Line That Wouldn't Give?"
Tom: No! "Get That Quarter Back."



EDITOR — J. JAMIESON

THE S. C. I. & T. S. Cadets Corps, one more attempted to have a Church parade. The officers were out in full numbers but the boys could only form two platoons. The Air Cadets were present in their blue uniforms, and had a good attendance. The Corps paraded to St. George's Church, behind the School Band, under the able leadership of bandmaster Mr. W. E. Brush.

The Annual Inspection commenced at one-thirty, on May the twenty-ninth. After the route march, during which the salute was taken at Victoria Park, the corps returned to the campus to be fully inspected by Maj. W. L. Aitken, G. S. O. III., of Military District No. 1, London. The company and platoon drills were very good and the exercises were done with more vigour and determination than in other years.

The presentation of pins to the cadet officers, and of medals to the marksmen of the school, made a fine showing in the afternoon's events. The Inspector highly congratulated the corps on their splendid showing. The annual banquet was again well attended and proved to be a very enjoyable event. The annual Cadet Ball at nine was a colourful and highly successful affair.

Cadet Captain Lachlan MacLean, O.C., of 'B' Company was elected to represent the corps at Camp Borden on a two day tour as a guest of the Canadian Army. He later outlined the highlights of his trip in a very interesting talk given before the Assembly.

The corps placed fifth in the district for general proficiency.

The Royal Canadian Army Cadet Corps for 1943 has a new forecast for smartness. The Cadets and N.C.O.'s will be sporting the natty new khaki uniforms being issued to army cadets across Canada.

CADET OFFICERS 1942

O.C.—R. Kirby
Adj.—D. MacKinlay
R.S.M.—G. Milne

"A" Company

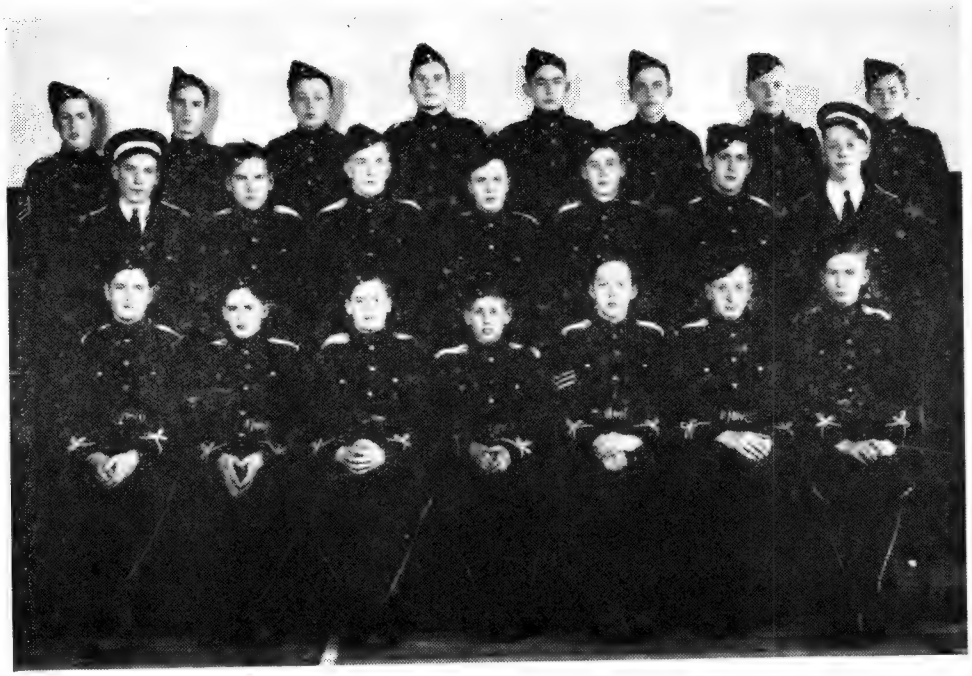
O.C.—L. Murray
Plat. 1st—A. MacKinlay
2nd—R. Ross
3rd—R. Phillips
C.S.M.—S. Campbell
Sgt.—W. Gray
Sgt.—R. Elliott
Sgt.—F. Newton

"B" Company

O.C.—L. MacLean
Plat. 1st—J. Jamieson
2nd—B. Ehman
3rd—J. Suhler
C.S.M.—C. Sutton
Sgt.—G. McFadyen
Sgt.—G. Cruickshanks
Sgt.—G. Murphy

"C" Company

O.C.—W. Pearson
Plat. 1st—B. Andrews
2nd—S. Stubbs
3rd—D. Palmer
C.S.M.—K. Palmer
Sgt.—E. Bice
Sgt.—N. Harkas
Sgt.—J. Armstrong
Band Lieut.—D. Elliot
Sig. Lieut.—J. Allen
Quot. Lieut.—D. Fraser
Reserve Lieut's.—B. Dawson
I. Rutherford
Reserve Sgt's.—P. Harkas, S. S. Campbell, H. Brown
Orderly Sgt.—S. Teskey
Quot. Sgt.—B. Storey
Sig. Sgt.—A. Campbell.



THE SIGNALLING TEAM

Back Row—J. Lackie, D. Shanks, R. Butlerr, Doug Shanks, N. Lund, B. Bell H. Dawson, S. Walters
Middle Row—B. Backman, A. Oksanen, L. Laine, B. Robbins, A. Walling, E. Yare, J. Allen.
Front Row—D. Park, J. Durley, E. Thompson, B. Tozer, T. Sinclair, R. Mechin, B. Brims.

This year 1943, the emphasis in cadet work signalling was transferred from semaphore morse. A morse class was organized and a practice was held each afternoon at four o'clock from January to April.

On the sixteenth of April an examination was conducted under the supervision of Captain N. C. Morgan, District Signaller Officer, M.D. No. 1. This examination was for an advanced Signallers Certificate.

The course covered was originally a three-year course, and the following five, those successful in the course, are to be highly congratulated.

William R. Backman.
John A. Tozer. John E. Durley.
Stanley G. Walter. Richard C. Park.

The Moyer Cup competition is to be held on or before May the twenty-first. This will give those members who failed the original examination, a chance to obtain their standing and certificates.



EDITORS — B. MATHESON, M. WARD

IN TOWN

Bob Baker—Auto-Lite
Bill Arnold—Imperial Oil
Jim Arnold—Carter's Wallpaper Shoppe
Millicent Baxter—Royal Bank
Eldon Bice—Rubber Plant
Jean Brown—Sarnia City Dairy
Mary Campbell—Unemployment Office
Maurice Cote—A. & P. Store
Charlotte Craig—Dominion Bank
Eric Cunningham—Rubber Plant
Norma Cutler—Muellers
Norma Davidson—Imperial Oil
Jacqueline Davidson—Imperial Oil
Jim Damon—Polymer
Mable Dempsey—Carter Hall
Jean Dobbins—Imperial Oil
Catherine Drope—Bell Telephone
Agnes Dubois—Muellers
Doug Elliott—Imperial Oil
Ralph Elliott—Rubber Plant
Lorna Elliott—Auto-Lite
Doris Fisher—Muellers
Isabelle Flynn—Odeon Theatre
Ellen Foster—Imperial Oil
Norma Gallie—Sarnia Business College
Joyce Gatehouse—Credit Bureau
Jack Gillis—Imperial Oil
Dorothy Gladwish—Married
Elaine Godley—Married
Dorothy Goodall—Sarnia Business Col.
Don Hamilton—Imperial Oil
Freida Harrold—Frontier Printing Co.
Diana Henderson—Mahers' Shoe Store
Phyllis Hughes—Auto-Lite
June Irwin—C. N. R.
Helen Johnston—Married
Jean Kee—Loblaws
Sarah Lampel—Sarnia Business College
Leslie Leckie—C. N. R.
Winnifred MacFarlane—Royal Bank
Donna MacIntyre—Walkers Limited
Mary Jo McKenna—Imperial Oil
Helen McLean—Home
Lois McPhee—Muellers
Leslie McRae—C. N. R.
Bruce Mattingly—Imperial Oil
Bernice Mattingly—Woolworths
Gertrude Melnick—Auto-Lite
Bill Miller—Rubber Plant
Winnifred Mounce—National Grocers
Maisie Nichols—Muellers
Shirley Parsons—Taylor's
Rowena Payne—Married
Gertrude Pratt—Muellers
Thomas Pressey—Rubber Plant
Geraldine Rowbottom—Bank of Toronto
Gloria Saunders—Canadian Observer
Evelyn Sayers—Bell Telephone Co.
Glenn Scott—Hydro
Katherine Steinman—Imperial Bakery
Christine Stockall—Business College
Norine Sullivan—Rubber Plant
Audrey Ward—Business College
Peggy Welsh—Royal Bank
Ethel Woods—Bank of Nova Scotia
Megan Wynne-Jones—Dominion Bank
Willena Yeates—Auto-Lite
Muriel Zinc—Laidlaw Belton
Marion Spencer—National Grocers

OUT OF TOWN

Bob Andrew—University of Toronto
Bob Allen—Brownville, Quebec
Jane Beasley—Westervelt Business College, London
Marie Bedard—St. Clair, Michigan
Nora Bell—University of Toronto

Catherine Campbell—Univ. of Toronto
Carl Clemence—University of Toronto
Mary Jane Ellis—Alma College
Eilleen Finley—London
Don Hamilton—Detroit
Nora Hardy—London Normal School
Thomas Higgins—University of Toronto
Bill Hueston—McGill University
Bernice Janes—Whitby College
Helen Johnston—London Normal School
Dick Kirby—Ann Arbor, Michigan
Archie MacKinlay—Univ. of Torono
Diana McIntyre—McGill University
Muriel McKegney—London
Bob McKegney—London
Art Milholland—Trinity College
Paul Mills — University of Toronto
Marion Rigsby—University of Toronto
Christine Sayers—St. Joseph's, Chatham
Jean Skinner—Normal
William Storey—Boniface Monastary, Man.
Gertrude Stubbs—Normal
Samuel Stubbs—MacMaster
Helen Teskey—Chatham General
Gay Wanless—Alberta
Harold White—Windsor
Robert Wilcox—Naval Air Corps, U.S.A.

DESTINATION UNKOWN

George Oravec, Mary Jane Sing, Bernice Webster, Betty Williamson, Annie Zamois, Isabelle Ambroise, Ivan Bayduck, Mildred Bell, Lauraine Blaine, Allan Chapple, Bruce Chapple, Helen Cooper, Joyce Corrigan, Edward Dennis, Wilford Dennis, Donald Forrest, Glenn Garrison, Margaret Graham, Betty Graham, Bill Hawkins, Isobel Hillier, Elaine Johnston, Jim Jolly, Betty Kennedy, William Ketley, Arthur Keyes, Pat Kumsky, Alice Lamb, Shirley Lucas, Bill McCrie, Dorothy Maitland, Leonard Meere.

AT IMPERIAL

Virginia Pace, Betty Page, Ross Palmer, Ruth Parsons, Madelynne Pringle, Joyce Shirley, Jack Taylor, Phyllis Thompson, Shirley Ward, June Whitnell, Ferne Wilson, Douglas Wyseman.

ARMY

Russell Gifford, Stewart Carsons, John Newton, Ed Hueston, Allan Pell.

NAVY

Mac Ellnor, George Smith, Leo McLean.

AIR FORCE

Bill Barr, Al Barry, Archie Campbell, Stan Campbell, Stuart Carr, Don Fraser, Wilfred Gray, Valarie Hale (W.D.), Peter Haley, Harold Henry, Jean Knox (W.D.), Wally Lang, Doug MacKinlay, Lionel McClintock, Al McDonald Lorraine Murray, Jack Oliver, Donald Palmer, Peter Paton, William Pearson, Douglas Pole, Ian Rutherford, James Smith, Shirley Smith (W.D.), John Suhler, Robert Thompson.

AT LAST WE KNOW



This is the Lady Gremlin who took **ONE** of Izzy Miller's stockings (Poor girl, she lost a leg when she jumped without a parachute once —the Gremlin we mean)

THE MONSOON

ALWAYS BLUSTERING

SELDOM FRESH

SHOCKING DISPLAY IN ROOM 309

Students on Time . . . With Disturbing Results

To-day, the very foundation of Canada's great school system trembled before the onslaught of rebellious students.

Of all Miss Walker's hard-working scholars, one fourth form excelled the rest in neatness, attention, and ability. However, it had one weakness —lateness for class. This dilemma occurred only on Thursday. To the teacher there was no reason why her pupils should be three or four minutes late every Thursday for composition period.

By mid-term her patience had been tried to the utmost. Result—the principal issued a warning in assembly.

Next Thursday the students awaited the fifth period with grim determination. Just as the bell ceased ringing to end the fourth period, in trooped the class exactly on time. The overjoyed teacher turned to greet this reformed class but to her amazement she saw the boys combing their hair, tying their ties and struggling into their sweaters. But—! when the genius of the class finding his sweater on inside out, pulled it off to put it on properly, she was thoroughly shocked.

Oh, scandal! Oh, shame!

Editor's Note.—The previous class was P.T.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A new name for Post Office; the new caption: V . . . — Mail.

LOST—Several reputations, on the way from Barb. Moore's party. Please don't return, owners are having fun.

FOUND—A middle name for Miss Ramsden—Ophelia (at least that's what her diploma says.

LOST—Several knitting needles during the Rotary speeches. So we heard.

ANNOUNCEMENT

You will be pleased to know that there will be no moron jokes printed herein.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

If So

Jump out a window

and come down

PLUMP!

Sandy MacTavish's joy knew no bounds when he learned that his girl friend was going to be free for the evening.

GIRLS ! ! !

When a man is chewing tobacco it pays not to slap his face.

QUESTION IN HIGHER MATHEMATICS

At last an answer to a mysterious problem — "How Many Apples in Eden?"

Just how many apples did Adam and Eve eat in the garden of Eden?

Was only one apple eaten, or were there two? For instance, Eve ate and Adam, too, and ate and too make ten.

No, there were more than ten; for Eve eight, and Adam eight—total, sixteen.

No, that must be wrong, for Eve 8 and Adam 82, total, 90. Butt his is still under-estimated, for if Eve 81, and Adam 812 the total would be 893. Further, Eve 814 herself, and Adam 8,124 Eve, therefore, the total was 8,938.

On the other hand, Eve 8,142 know how it tasted, and Adam 28,142 see what it might be like, thus the total was 36,284. Are we not right?

WANTED —

—by Mr. Dennis, something to keep Latin books closed during physics classes.

—by Miss Ramsden, a frame for her diploma.

—by Miss Heasman, dunce hats for those students in the back seats.

My First Day At S.C.I.
by I. M. Green

(fresh from the farm)

7.30 a.m. — I arrived at school. There's nothing like being on time. One arm was full of books, and on the other was an eleven quart basket which contained my lunch. One part of this I planned to eat at recess and the other part at noon.

7.30 to 8.00 — I walked the marble halls of S. C. I. I was alone, as no one else had arrived as yet. I wandered at random examining show cases and trophy cases In a few minutes I found myself in the shooting gallery. I wandered around there in the dark, dropping a book or part of my lunch every time I bumped my head on the low ceiling.

8.00 a.m. — I found the steps, and groped my way up them, one by one. When I got to the top, I had only about half of my lunch. I thought that perhaps someone would give me part of his, at recess.

8.15 a.m. — About this time the pupils started coming. Not one of them had a lunch for recess. Oh well, I thought that if they got too hungry, I would share mine.

8.45 a.m. — The last bell rang and I hurried up the stairs to my class room, I guess I should have taken my time because I tripped. Down the stairs poured Maw's applesauce, my books and my sandwiches. I salvaged what I could and got into class. "I'm sorry but you will have to get a late slip," smiled the teacher. I picked myself out of the seat and started to hunt for the office.

9.00 a.m. — After a lengthy search I was successful in finding the office and got my late slip. Now to find the class room again.

9.20 a.m. — I just got to the class room in time to gather up my belongings and change classes.

10.30 a.m. — It is assembly time. I supposed that, to be the city way of saying recess. I walked into a large hall, sat down, and started to eat lunch. Everyone looked at me and laughed. I looked around and although I didn't see anything funny I laughed also. Mr. Asbury began to pray and I began to happily crunch on a piece of celery.

10.45 a.m. — Recess was over so I went back to class with what little lunch was left.

11.00 to 12.00 — My feet began to ache so I took off my shoes and socks and went barefoot to my classes. I figured that I might just as well be comfortable.

12.00 to 1.20 — This was lunch hour. I was too busy eating to write.

1.20 p.m. — First period in the afternoon was swimming. I used to be a great swimmer. I could beat almost anyone on a rubber tube. Quickly I took a shower and dashed into the pool. Into the deep end I went. Gosh, I've never been in water deeper than my hips. I couldn't even touch bottom here. I tried to swim. It was no use, my big feet held me back, I cried for help. Soon many hands reached out for me. I was saved.

1.55 p.m. — The next period was science. We had to test a piece of meat to see if it had water in it. The idea was to put the meat in a test tube and heat it. Soon I had mine frying in the test tube. I swiped a piece of onion off the teachers desk and put in it. In a short time the meat was done and I prepared to eat the dainty morsel. It was the best piece of steak I had ever eaten.

2.30 p.m. — This period was French. As I entered the room I was greeted with "bunjure mushure." I guess she considered me an intellectual and was talking French to me already.

3.05 to 3.40 —This was the last period. The subject was composition. For a novelty the teacher made us give little speeches. I told about the time Pa's pet cow "Sarah" got out of hand and decided to make mince meat out of the orchard. It was a pretty good speech if I do say so myself.

3.40 p.m. — The bell rang and I made a bolt for the door. I had to hurry right home as I had many chores to do before sunset. I had cows to milk and pigs to feed, chickens to water and many other things to do. There was no time to write in the diary what I did when I got home, so I must leave you here, suspended at the peak of this thrilling saga about the farmers boy who came to town.

— Bob Fisher, 13-B

SISTER SUE

How we all miss her! Sister Sue has left us for a better home. But perhaps you would like to know why her absence is such a heavy loss.

Sue was born and raised with the children. As a baby, she was pleasingly plump and jovial, always ready to smile and utter gurgling words. Each day as Joan and John went to the orchard, they asked "Are you coming along, Sue?" Of course, they knew the answer was "yes" every time. There t hey romped, rolled, and ate juicy, green apples.

But, one day we woke up to the fact that it was time Joan and John left the farm to earn their living elsewhere. It was a sad day for the family. Sister Sue sobbed as she bid good-bye to them. "We'll be back soon," consoled John. "You won't be lonsome," vowed Joan, in a desperate effort to cheer herself up. She was right, for Sue soon found a mate.

The years rolled by and the family began to plan a reunion. The day dawned cool and clear. All hastened to see Sister Sue, who was by this time very proud of her little group of six chubby children. She was happy.

That was the last time we saw her alive. Sister Sue has been divided among the starving people of the world, due to the pork shortage.

An antonym for mercy —
Marcy.



Miss Taylor has tken up the study of Yo-Yoing. Is it fun Miss T?

Is it true that when the fleeces were given out to Leo Langan's Little Lambs, Nona Moorehouse netted a size 42?

Our grapvine system reveals that Joan Dauphinee is going to demand a medical certificate from her next escort to a formal dance.

Now it can be told! The "O" in Margaret MacDonold's name stands for Olive.

Incidentally — do you braid your own pigtails Marvelene?—As if we didn't know.

And Mr. Asbury still can't understand why there are only five boys left in 12B. We wonder if he ever took a look at the girls.

We hope the students appreciate the great musician they have in Tom Kenny. He eats, sleeps, and drinks music. Some day he may be able to read it.

There is but a short time before exams. A word to the wise is sufficient — plug.

PET AVERSIONS

Moron jokes.
Men's ties on girls.
Zoot suits.
Pigtails—as ever.
Boys' floppy galoshes.
The new system of naming the forms.
Club sweaters.
The numerous Sheilah the Shoplifters in locker and dressing rooms.

THINGS WE COULDN'T DO WITHOUT

Cal Kennedy's playing in the Orchestra.
Mary Jamieson's "form" parties.
Movies in assembly.
The twenty-fourth of May holiday.
The girls who wear hour-glass dresses on beer glass figures.
Tally-ho 's.
Water.—But sometimes we have to ('specially 3rd floor, east end—eh?)
Afternoon matinees.
Mr. Langan.

ORCHIDS TO—

Elsie Finley for doing her Latin homework.
Mr. Mendizabal for his collection of pictures.
Those enterprising damsels who are now farmerettes
Betty Dunseith for being so good-natured.
Mundy for leaving his emotions at home.
Miss King and her Chorus Girls.
Elizabeth Rose for her braininess.
Mr. Rogin for his successful House League.
Miss Wilton for bicycling to school.

WE WONDER—

Why Dr. Mann wanted Helen Hicks' phone number?
If Anna Mae ever got less than 90%?
Why Amy Cooper bothers coming to school?
Why Jo Wadham likes correspondence—especially social?
How Mr. Johnston can be so patient?
Why Ev. Baxter makes frequent trips to London?
Why some of our sneak thieves don't come across with the goods occasionally?
How Science explains the attractions between redheads of the S.C.I.?
What the attraction is opposite the medical room?
Why the teachers put up such a fuss about having their pictures taken—we know they just love it!
If Mr. Bond charges admission to his movies?
Who on earth 12 C's Veronica Lake is?

HIS LAST QUERY

Hm, I wonder what this acid tastes like?
What'll happen if I press this?
Will this rope hold me?
Is this knife sharp?
Could I lick him?



CODE — is what makes you sneeze.
LAUNCH is a noon-day meal.
A LYRIC is something written to be sung by a liar.
AESOPHAGUS was the author of Aesop's Fables.
A SIRLOIN is the only article of clothing worn by Ghandi.
A SINISTER is an old maid.
A SOVIET is a cloth used by waiters in hotels.
A BUTTRESS is a woman who makes butter.
A GOBLET is a male turkey
MUSSOLINI is a sort of material used for women's dresses.
A GRASS WIDOW is the wife of a vegetarian.
MARQUETTE and JOLIET were two lovers in one of Shakespeare's prominent plays.
MARTIN LUTHER died a horrible death. He was excommunicated by a bull.
EDISON was the inventor of the indecent lamp.

TOONS

Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer ..... 8.44 a.m.
It Can't Be Wrong ..... Marion McCracken
Murder He Says ..... Mendy
For The Duration ..... Defence Training
Wait for Me, Mary ..... Miss Brown to Miss H.
Don't Get Around Much Anymore ..... Who Does?
For Me and My Gal ..... Blackouts
Could It Be You? ..... Mr. Coles
As Time Goes By ..... Exam Crammers
I've Heard That Song Before ..... Late Slip Excuses
I'm Saving Myself for Bill ..... Redd
How I Love the Kisses of Dolores ..... Al Keat
Move It Over ..... Your Exam Paper — You Dope!
I Came Here to Talk for Joe ..... Joan John
What's the Good Word? 50%
Take Me Back to my Booth and Saddle .... Farmhand Phillips
Memories ..... MEN!!

DAFFYNITIONS
— or —
REAP THE WILD WIT

Optimist — A fellow who thinks his wife has given up smoking when he starts seeing cigar butts around the house.
Sissy — A guy who gives up riding on the City Bus to join the Commandos.
Wolf — A guy, who, when being introduced, hangs on to your hand too long and says "Hellooooooo there!"
Common Sense — A man with a 48" vest measure wearing a pair of shoes that don't have to be laced.
Tommyhawk — What if you go to sleep and suddenly wake without hair, there is an Indian with.
Spinster — A woman who knows all the answers but has never been asked the question.

A CLASSROOM ASSEMBLY

Although all students insist that they despise school, they invariably assemble in their classrooms at least ten minutes before the lesson begins. The first in the parade are two or three studious folk, or perhaps a few night-before gadabouts who rush in with a great flurry, and try to squeeze in a little extra preparation of their work. Then come two young ladies who are looking for scalps to hang at their belts. Taking elaborate pains to speak quietly, they sit down, at the same time dropping all their books and scraping their heels across the floor in an ear-splitting crash. Ignoring the fact that there is time and place for everything, they proceed to adjust their war-paint until the particular unfortunates, whom they are chasing, appear. Then, with fierce war cries, which, in this case, take the form of girlish giggles, they begin their tortures. The victims writhe and squirm in agony, at the show being put on just for their benefit. In the meantime the rest of the room is rapidly filling. The football enthusiast is holding court at the back, and using one of the smallest members of the class, he demonstrates a perfect forward pass. A handsome creature, of the cave man style, amuses himself with his fourteen dancing girls, who, with studied indifference, cover their pride at his attention. In the front corner, a circle of girls, who neither pursue nor are pursued, are comparing notes on new fall outfits. Finally, with bland indifference, the master enters and this little drama ceases immediately. The third quarter of the game ends, a joke stops just at the crucial point, someone whips in breathlessly and silence falls.

He rocked the boat,
That Ezra skunk;
These bubbles mark
o
o o o
Where Ezra sunk.

NAME	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
Bill Dawson	Wilbur	Redheads	Air Force	Home Guard	"You fiend"
Ellen Simmons	Simmy	Navy	Certain Sailor	Wrens	"Oh, you're screwy"
Ann Haskey	Half-Pint	Basketball	Pharmacist	Soda Jerker	"Egad!"
Carl Mundy	Quigley	Excused Late Slips	To Pass	S.C.I. in 1950	"You're not kidding"
Olivia Tozer	Bindle	Rows in Trig.	Journalist	Sob Story Writer	"Oh Lud!"
Lorna Bell	Lightning	Chocolate Cake	Scientist	Rivetter	"For Pete's sake"
Robert Galpin	Galp	Sports	Sax Player	Hill-billy band	"What a mess"
Joan John	Jo	Letters	Air Force Wife	Same	"Golly"
Jim Nisbet	Nizzy	North Christina	Civil Engineer	Ditch Digger	"Greetings"
Dorothy Finch	Dotty	Sweaters	Physio-therapist	Doll Doctor	"No, no, no . . ."
Robert Mechin	Muscles	Striped Shirts	Doctor	Charles Atlas' Understudy	"Gee whiz!"
Mary Jones	Jonesie	Funnies	Cartoonist	Tablecloth Artist	"How's every little thing?"
Joan Baker	Texas	Chocolate Bars	Novelist	Dime Thrillers	"Kidding, no doubt."
Mack McClure	Mac	Rifles	Movie Star	Annual Antics	"Say now!"
Marvelene Booth	Marvelove	Pigtails	O. A. C.	Farmer's Wife	"Robin says . . . "
Lach MacLean	Slicker	Boogie-Woogie	Editor	Paper Boy	"H-m-m-m . . . not bad"
Betty Foster	Frosty	Dill Pickles	Nurse	Scrub Woman	"Oh, no!"
Bill Ehman	Will'um	Port Huron	Port Huron	Port Huron	". . . . Port Huron"
Walter Nicholls	Junior	Hazel	P. T. Teacher	Playground Instructor	(Strictly censored)

THE WORK OF A FIRST AIDER !

If you should see a crash, approach cautiously. Be sure you have worked yourself into a swell lather. Be as nervous as possible. If someone is lying helpless with a foot lying up near his ear, you must say to yourself: "Oh, he's dead—no use looking at him!" Then you step gingerly around the pieces and you see a head sticking up from under the motor. Grab the arm you see lyin gthere and pull hard! Something has to give way! If that doesn't work, shove on the motor until you can get it off the patient . . . (that's the person you are rescuing.)

By this time, a big crowd will be gathered around to watch you fumble the job. If they can't see, you must sit down, so that your head won't be in the way. Now that you have cut off the air from the victim; you observe him closely, and see that he has a fractured spine. If, however, you aren't positive of this, you stand the patient up. If he falls over limply, his spine is broken.

By this time the patient is probably also suffering from shock, but never mind—so are you! Put on as many bandages as you can find that are well starched, so that the body will be held rigid. The next step is to send some of the people with open mouths for an ambulance. When this finally arrives, your fingernails will probably be missing and maybe your hand—who knows?

Lay the patient on the stretcher, and slide him roughly into the back of the ambulance. You will ride with him to the hospital. Be sure to have the siren wailing so you won't have anyone else to treat. When patient is safe, you will probably collapse, too!

IDEAL MALE SPECIMEN OF THE S.C.I. WOULD HAVE

Friendliness of ..... John Jameison
Smile of ..... George Cruickshanks
Hair of ..... Ken Palmer
Eyes of ..... Eric Yare
Personality of ..... Lach MacLean
Physique of ..... Walt Nichols
Clothes of ..... Murray Thorner
Wittiness of ..... Neil Craig
Dancing ability of ..... Junior Bolton
Athletic Ability of ..... Dave Kilbreath

IDEAL FEMALE SPECIMEN WOULD HAVE

Friendliness of ..... Shirley Morrison
Smile of ..... Mary Trusler
Hair of ..... Betty Lindsay
Eyes of ..... Joan Dauphinee
Personality of ..... Marj. Emmett
Figure of ..... Redd Weir
Clothes of ..... Leone Kirke
Wittiness of ..... Jane Smith
Dancing Ability of ..... Belle Matheson
Athletic Ability of ..... Evelyn Baxter

All shorthand teachers are dictators.

How to Grow a Mousetache—
Before retiring at night, rub the upper lip well with salt. You must then get a pail of water and place it at the head of your bed. The hairs being thirsty will come forth for a drink. The aspirant should then quickly tie a knot in the hair and it will stay out.

Gambler's Slogan—
Keep 'em rolling.

4 out of 5 have it —
detentions.

57 varieties —
excuses for unfinished work

The pause that refreshes—
Changing Classes

4th Forms' Motto —
Use thy neighbour's Latin translation as thy own.

To-day's Short, Short—
Sail—
Gale—
Rail!

She laid the still white form beside those that had gone before. No groan nor sigh burst from her. Suddenly she let forth a cry that pierced the still night air, making it vibrate into a thousand echoes. It seemed as if it came from her very soul. Twice the cry was repeated and then all was quiet again. She would lay another egg to-morrow.

Have You These Symptoms—
1. Did you wake up feeling tired, dull, and heavy?
2. Is your tongue coated?
3. Do you have a bad taste in your mouth?
4. Are you tired all the time?
5. Did you ever feel dizzy?

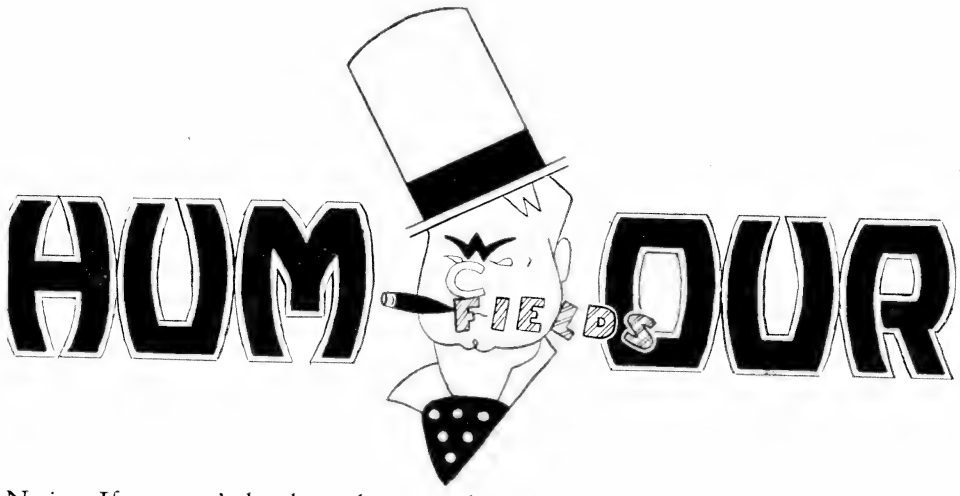
—Egad! You're in a heck of a mess!

HAPPY THOUGHT—
It's always eas yto tell on which side your bread's buttered. Just drop it on the carpet.

FASHIONPLATE
Miss (name on request)—the same old zoot suit with the same old drape shap.

Revised Quotations —
Money doesn't grow on sprees.
Taste makes waist.
It's the fresh egg that gets slapped in the pan.

Flattery is soft soap. (Soft soap is 90% lye.)



Notice: If you can't laugh at the originality of these jokes, at least respect them for their age.

* * * *

First Termite (to pal, gazing at corpse): O.K., now let's get to work in dead Ernest.

* * * *

Doug Baird: To whom was Minerva married?
Miss Wilton: My boy, when will you learn that Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom—she wasn't married.

* * * *

Mr. Marcy—If there are any dumb-bells in the room, please stand up.
(A long pause, then Ruth McCracken stood up).
Mr. Marcy—What? Do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?
Ruth—Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing all alone.
I feel like telling Mr. A off again. I felt like it yesterday, too.

* * * *

Miss Harris: Sally, who was Anne Boleyn?
Sally McLean: A flatiron.
Miss Harris: What do you mean?
Sally: Well, our history book says that Henry, having dsiposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn.

* * * *

Mr. Southcombe—Who laughed?
Ralph McClean—I did sir, but I didn't mean it.
W. J. S.—Didn't mean it? Explain yourself.
Mic—Well, sir, I laughed up my sleeve, but I forgot that there's a hole in the elbow.

* * * *

R. Jarvis (skidding into the office): Quick! Phone an ambulance.
Miss Middleton: Why? Who's hurt?
Ruth: Nobody . . . . . yet. But Izzy Miller just found the one who took her silk stocking.

* * * *

Dentist: Where is the aching tooth located?
Stew Duncan: Balcony . . . first row to the right.
With makers of one-piece bathing suits, the thighs the limit.

Ellen S.: Surely you didn't tell Jim that you loved him, straight out.
Arlene F.: Heavens no! He had to squeeze it out of me.

* * * *

Blimp: What colour bathing suit was she wearing?
Harkas: I don't know. She had her back turned to me.

* * * *

Freshman—"May I kiss you?"
Wolfess—"Ye Gods, another amateur."

* * * *

B. Stone (studying D. I.): If an incendiary fire got a strong hold before you saw it, what steps would you take?
M. Shannon: The fire escape.

* * * *

The little old woman bent over the cherub in the cradle. "O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."
Baby: "The heck you could, you haven't any teeth."
"Well," said the egg to the monastery, "out of the frying pan into the friar."

* * * *

Gordon Murphy: I'm trying to grow a moustache. What's the best way?
George Cruickshank: On the instalment plan. A little down each week.

* * * *

Mr. Watson declares: "To say the least is not the woman's way of doing it."

* * * *

Teacher: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.
Tom Moore: No wonder I failed in my exam.

* * * *

Mr. Asbury: "As an added treat for us the orchestra will now play the Hungarian Rhapsody."
Mitch Keskanek: "Good heavens, I just played that!"

* * * *

Professor's Daughter: Circumstances compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources.
Student: Er . . . I don't get you . . . .
Professor's Daughter: Exactly.

* * * *

And Neil Mackenzie, that notorious playboy of 12B has been floating around the corridors chanting: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball, and other forms of pitching."

* * * *

Bob Phillips: Let's kiss and make up.
Marvelene: Okay with me.
Result: She got the kiss, and he, the make-up.

* * * *

Mrs. Rogin: Goodness Will, this isn't our baby. This is the wrong carriage.
Mr. Rogin: Hush, dear. This one has rubber tires.

M. L. Jackson: Mr. Dennis talks to himself, doesn't he?
D. Battram: Yeah, but he doesn't know it. He thinks we're listening to him.

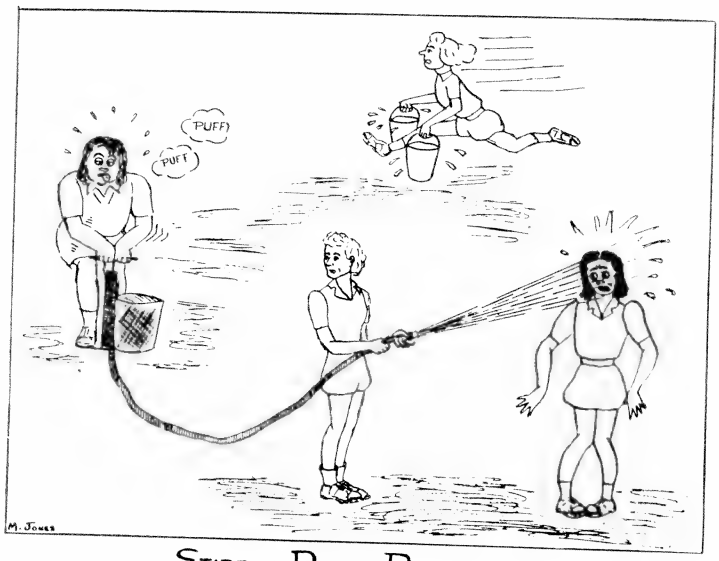
* * * *

Joan Baker: Dad, give me a dime?
Mr. B.: You're too old to ask for dimes.
Joan: I guess you're right; make it two bits.

* * * *

Jo Wadham: Mr. Graham must be a mighty cold man.
Marie Ward: How come?
Jo W.: He gives so many zeros.

* * * *



STIRRUP-PUMP PRACTICE

* * * *

Bill Sharp: Where did you get the black eye?
Bill Clark: I went to Bayview and was struck by the beauty of the place.

* * * *

Tom Kenny: Hey, pop! Gimme half a dollar to give a poor old man.
Mr. K.: That's right son, you should always help the needy. Who is this man?
Tom: He takes tickets at Bayview.

* * * *

Did you hear about the oomph girl that ———— whoops? (Censored).

* * * *

Mr. Clark (pleadingly): Now, if I had four cocoanuts and I gave you two how many would I have left?
Alice: I don't know.
Mr. C.: Why don't you?
Alice: 'Cause at our school we do all our math. in oranges.

Typographical Error.—I . . . I didn't know you cared for me. I always thought of you as a big bother.

* * * *

Wilson Scott (after having his hair cut): Boy! That's a load off my mind!

* * * *

We went into the garden, we wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly, I held her little shawl;
Yes, I held her little shawl—how swift the evening flies,
We talked in tones of love; I gazed into her lunch basket;
I gazed into her lunch basket, and wished I had a taste,
The moon was shining brightly, my arm around her umbrella,
Holding her umbrella, this charming little miss—
Her eyes were full of mischief, so I slyly stole a sandwich.

What makes a pupil so sad and sour,
When a teacher slips him an extra hour?
The pupils quake at its very mention—
The teacher's pet phrase, "You have a detention."

* * *

When a person
Makes a date
For eight o'clock,
It should mean eight.
Men who don't show up till nine
Cannot be classed as friends of mine.
But if there's one thing
Makes me surly,
It's a guy who
Calls too early.

* * * *

Foolosophy—Money is the root of all evil. That's why we all try to dig it up.

* * * *

It's So Confvsing—The dvmb and confvsing cvstom of svbstiving V for U in cvtting inscriptions on corner stones and facades of vuniversities, chvrches, covrthovses, mveuvms, cvstom hovses, and other pvblic bvildings.

* * * *

"What are you doing, Skinny?"
"Writing my lil' brother a letter."
"Quit your kiddin', you can't write."
"That's O.K. He can't read."

* * * *

Inspector (in machine shop): "Look at that youngster, the one with the cropped hair, the cigarette, and with trousers on. It's hard to tell whether it's a boy or girl."
War Worker: "She's a girl, and she's my daughter."
Insp.: "My dear sir, do forgive me. I would never have been so outspoken if I had known you were her father."
W.W.: "I'm not her father, I'm her mother."

* * * *

Two bachelor girls were sitting in front of a fireplace on Christmas Eve.
First Bachelor Girl: "Would a stocking hold all you want for Christmas?
Second Bachelor Girl: "No, but a pair of socks would."

* * * *

We heard more, but you won't.

Miss Welman—It says here that a woman in Montreal has just cremated her third husband.
Miss Weir—Isn't that always the way? Some of us can't even get one, and others have husbands to burn.

* * * *

Small Brother—Mom, sister must have a lot of boy friends at school.
Mom—Why?
Small B.—I heard her say she had Gym this morning and Art this afternoon.

* * * *

Backstage at the Air Cadet Revue:
Smith—Did you hear the audience applaud when I left the stage?
Dawson—Well, most likely they knew you weren't coming back.

* * * *

Mrs. Lindsay: Betty, there are two words I forbid you to use. One is "swell," and the other is "lousy."
Betty: O.K. Mom. What are they?

* * * *

Wellington: Hey Percy! What did your mother say when you came in at three o'clock in the morning?
Gladdy: I'll tell you some other time, Joe. I have to be back to school in an hour.

* * * *

Scene: Typing room.
Lois: I don't think I'm good enough to hold that job.
Mr. Johnston: You know, you're just as good as you think you are.
Lois: O, I couldn't be that good.

* * * *

Dot Finch: I just got a check from home——
Barb. Lott: How about that dollar you owe me?
Dot: Wait till I tell you the rest of my dream!

* * * *

Miss Halliday: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?
First Former: I did. It was exactly ten-fifteen.

* * * *

J. Leckie: Can you prove that he hit you?
Mac (displaying shiner): Here's an eye-witness.

* * * *

Overheard in a local theatre—
"My dear, but that's bewitching flea powder you're wearing."

* * * *

A wow? . . . . or wowsy?

* * * *

Miss Ramsden: Have you seen a small girl in a green dress?
Miss Brown (after a tussle with Grade 9): No, but I've seen lots of green girls in small dresses.

* * * *

Miss Martin: Please follow the work on the board.
Dora M.: Why, where is it going?

* * * *

Bassie N.: What part of the body is the fray?
J. Rosen: Fray! What are you talking about?
Bessie: This book says that Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray.

Nisbet: I wonder why Joyce closes her eyes when I kiss her.
Percy: Look in the mirror, brother.

* * * *

S.C.I. Femme: Are your kisses dynamite?
Handsome Senior: Sure are.
The Wolfess: Well, praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!

* * * *

Successful Father: Suppose I should be taken away suddenly. What would become of you?
Son: Oh, I would be just here. The question is, what would become of you?

* * * *

Mrs. Richardson: And what will you do, my little darling, when you grow up to be a big girl?
Mary Lou: Reduce.

* * * *

"Miss Smith," said the dentist as he left to play golf for an afternoon, "if anyone calls, please tell them I have eighteen cavities to fill this afternoon."

* * * *

Roger: I could sit here and do nothing but look at you forever.
Nancy: Yeah, that's what I'm beginning to think, too.

* * * *

M. Ward: I'd like to try on the dress in the window.
Clerk: Sorry, lady, but you'll have to use the fitting room.

* * * *

Mechin: Where have you been all this time?
Mundy: In a phone booth talking to my girl. But someone wanted to use the phone, so we had to get out.

* * * *

Mr. Fullerton: Order, Gentlemen, Order!
T4 (in unison): Beer!

* * * *

Joan Cowan: Say, its past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?
"Red" Smith: Gosh, I'll have to phone mother first.

* * * *

All girls regret losing their youth unless they pick up another tout de suite.

* * * *

Miss Walker: Name one of Scott's works.
Hunt: Scott's emulsion.

* * * *

Then there was the man who played for big steaks when he flirted with the waitress.

* * * *

Is it true that when the fleeces were given out to Leo Langan's Little Lambs, Nona Moorehouse netted a size 42?

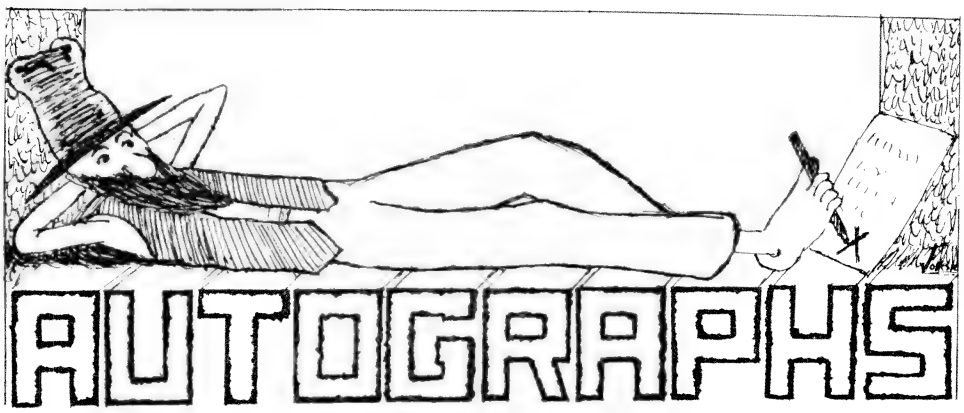
* * * *

Dear Dithery Dox—
It's my girl's birthday next week. I'd give her candy, but she doesn't eat candy, I'd give her cigarettes but she doesn't smoke. What shall I do?

"Perplexed"

Dear Perplexed—
Give her flowers — she smells, doesn't she?

"Dithery Dox"


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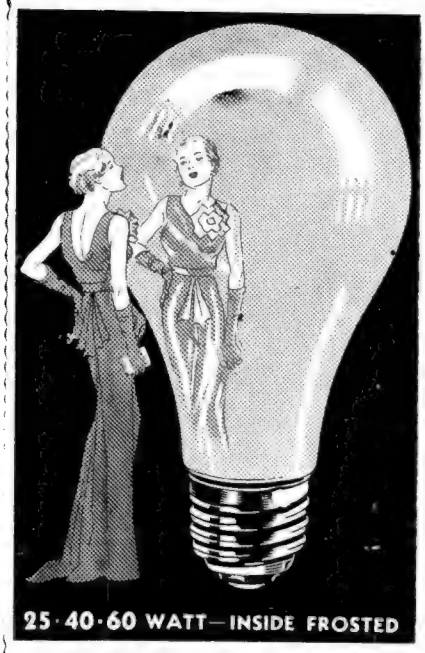
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THAT ninety-five percent of all people over sixty have defective eye-sight?

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Mrs. Langan: That would be just like you—to go away and leave ashes lying around.

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Betty F.: A centipede with chilblains.

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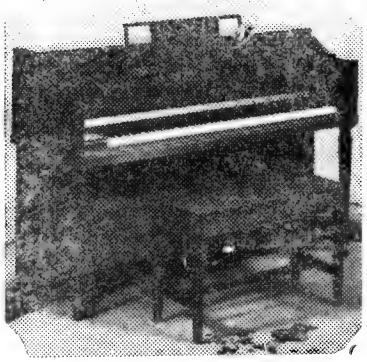
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A WORD FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGER

The Staff of the "Collegiate" 1943, wishes to express its sincere appreciation and thanks to the advertisers who have contributed to this magazine.

We ask our subscribers to patronize the business firms whose names appear in our advertising spaces.

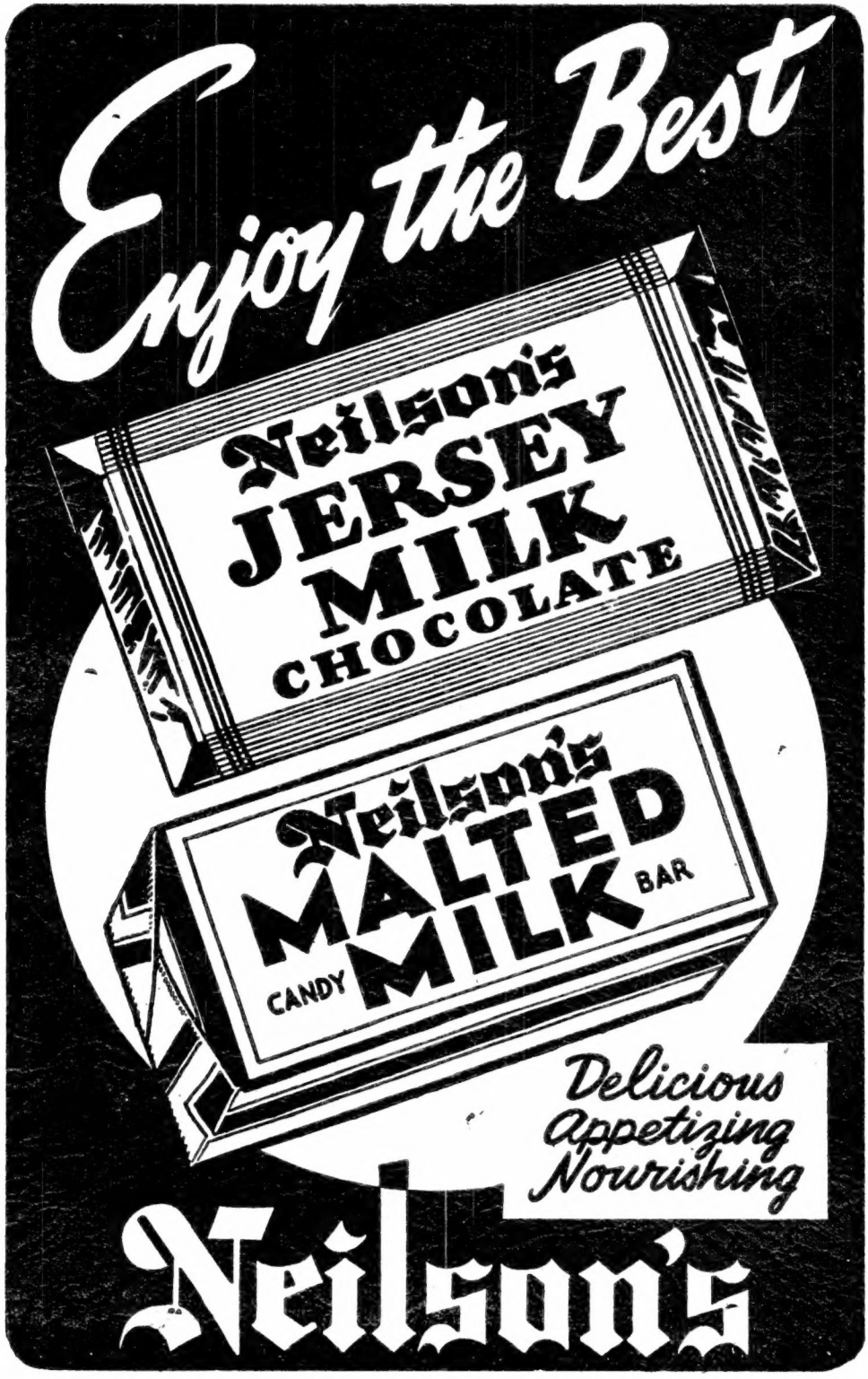
EVERYTHING IN SALT

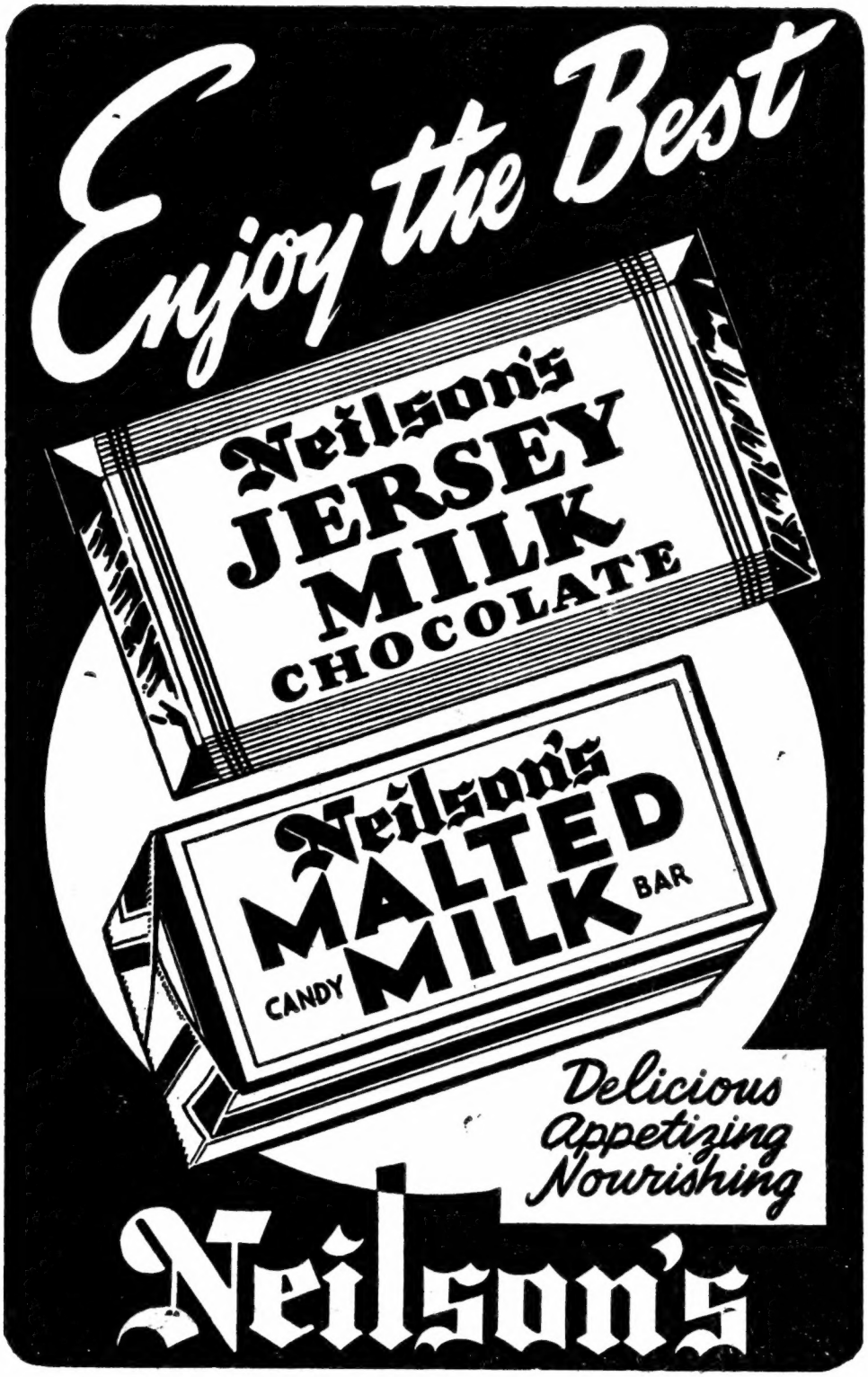
The Dominion Salt Co.

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SARNIA OBS
OCT 5/93



O'DONOHUE - FRANK E. (DAN) O'DONOHUE died Friday, October 1, 1993 at Sarnia. Dan was the well loved husband of Margaret O'Grady, brother of Catherine Pettit of Toronto and the late Agnes (Mrs. Robert Troughton) and John D'Arcy. Loved uncle of several nephews and nieces. A native of Brantford, he was the son of Catherine and John O'Donohue of that city. He attended Brantford Collegiate and graduated from St. Michael's College, University of Toronto in 1922. Dan than spent 5 years in the newspaper business in Belleville as advertising manager of the Intelligencer. He attended the College of Education in Toronto and joined the staff of Sarnia Collegiate in 1931. There he taught English and Latin and had charge of Boys Physical Education, the Cadet Corps, as well as football. Later he served as co-ordinator of Guidance Services and finished his teaching career at Central Collegiate in 1967. During the second World War, he was Grand Knight of the Sarnia Council, Knights of Columbus. Dan resided in Corunna from 1941 to 1980. There he was active in St. Joseph's Parish Church work and Cemetery Board, as well as Chairman of the Separate School Board. He was also a director of Moore Credit Union for 12 years. Funeral Mass will be celebrated at Sacred Heart Church 12:30 p.m. Tuesday. Following cremation, interment will take place at Our Lady of Mercy Cemetery. Arrangements by McKENZIE & BLUNDY FUNERAL DIRECTORS (344-3131)

A tree will be planted in memory of Dan O'Donohue in the McKenzie and Blundy Memorial Forest, Wawanosh Wetlands Conservation Area. Dedication service Sunday, September 18, 1994 at 2 p.m.

MAY 26/94 THURS OBSERVER



BILLINGSLEY - At his residence on Wednesday, May 25, 1994, A. DONALD G. BILLINGSLEY, husband of the late Ruth Isabelle (Bald). Dear father of Ruth Ann Grogan, Toronto; J. Barrie Billingsley and his wife Mary C., Boston Mass.; D. Scott Billingsley, Sarnia. Loving grandfather of Jennifer Billingsley, Boston; J. Michael Billingsley and his wife Sara, Boston; J. Thomas Billingsley, Seattle Washington. Great-grandfather of J. Andrew D. Billingsley. Predeceased by a brother Fred and sisters May and Amy. Mr. Billingsley began his teaching career in Sarnia in 1934 at SCITS where he later became Vice-Principal before becoming principal at Central Collegiate. At the time of his retirement he was a Superintendent. He was an active member of St. George's Anglican Church where he served as Rector's Warden, People's Warden and Lay Administrant. He was a long time member of the Sarnia Rotary Club. Visitation at THE McKENZIE & BLUNDY FUNERAL HOME, 431 Christina St., North, 2 - 4 and 7 - 9 p.m. Sunday. The funeral service will be held at St. George's Anglican Church, 11 a.m. Monday, with Canon Peter Tett officiating. Interment Lakeview Cemetery. As an expression of sympathy friends who wish may send memorial donations to the Restoration Fund, St. George's Anglican Church, c/o Ann Griffiths, 138 Charlotte St., Sarnia, N7T 4R5 or the Heart and Stroke Foundation, 774 London Rd., Sarnia, N7T 4Y1.